WILLIAM WYLER'S

PRODUCTION OF

ROMAN HOLIDAY

June 4, 1952 REV THROUGH 10-3-52
This script includes last changes made in Italy

SEQUENCE "A"

The picture opens as a newsreel - without any main title. In fact, the best possible presentation would be to have it spliced to the last clip in the actual newsreel, so that for a few moments, the audience is not aware they are watching the feature.

The newsreel begins with a large headline - under which we hear the typical newsreel music reserved for items about royalty, except that it will incorporate a national anthem to be written especially for the picture.

The headline reads:

FIRST PICTURES!
PRINCESS ANNE IN
LONDON TO START
GOODWILL TOUR

DISSOLVE:

A-1 NEWSREEL SHOT - EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY)

A parade moves slowly through London street. Focal point is one of those wonderfully elaborate English ceremonial coaches, drawn by four horses, manned by coachmen in ancient livery and escorted by an honor guard.

COMMENTATOR
Her Royal Highness Princess Anne arriving in London Town on the first stop of a goodwill tour which will take her to all the European capitals. She gets a royal welcome from the British.

A-2 NEWSREEL SHOT - MED. CLOSE COACH

Through its wide windows we see Princess Anne, waving to crowd that lines street. She is a girl of eighteen or nineteen with fine, sensitive features which are not lacking in strength. Her eyes are light and clear; her mouth firm with just the suggestion of a smile. Her dress is well-made and, like her small hat, essentially conservative. She looks like a serious young princess, deeply concerned with obligations of her unusual profession.

Tens of thousands of cheering Londoners line the streets to welcome the gracious young member of one of Europe's oldest ruling families.

A-2 (Cont'd)

She is accompanied, as in all following newsreel shots by her aide, GENERAL MARMONT, and her lady-in-waiting, COUNTESS VEREBERG. Also in coach at moment, is the LORD MAYOR, in a high silk hat.

A-3 NEWSREEL SHOT - EXT. STREET CORNER - LONDON - (DAY)

COMMENTATOR
At the dedication of the new International Aid Building Princess Anne is introduced by the Lord Mayor of London.

A building is going to be erected. A large symbolic cornerstone stands on the ground.

Officials and attendants stand back at a respectful distance as the Ceremonial Coach draws up, and its occupants alight.

The Lord Mayor leads the Princess toward the stone.

There is a murmur and a flutter of hand clapping as Her Highness approaches the stone.

LORD MAYOR
(Into microphone)
We are honored today by the presence of Her Royal Highness, Princess Anne, who will lay this cornerstone.
(To the Princess, handing her a trowel)
You will find the cement in the small basin. Already mixed.

PRINCESS
(Accepting the trowel)
Thank you.

Newsreel cameras record her activity. She dips the trowel into the cement, and before applying it, recites briefly from memory.

PRINCESS
We hope that this will be a cornerstone not only to a great and beautiful building, but a cornerstone to peace and improved trade relationships between Great Britain and my own country.

A-3 (Cont'd)

She smears the cement gingerly on the stone as the cameras turn and a patter of applause sounds.

DISSOLVE:

COMMENTATOR
After a visit to Buckingham Palace, Princess Anne flew to Amsterdam for another royal welcome by the people of the Netherlands.

A-4 NEWSREEL SHOT - EXT. DUTCH MARKET - (DAY)

The Princess is inspecting the Great Market at Delft. She is, as always, accompanied by the General and the Countess, essentially her business managers, and by Dutch officials. She wears a simple dress and hat, and carries a bouquet of tulips.

The Great Market fills an entire square in Delft. It consists of rows of stalls, all of them covered by separate awnings. The displays are cheeses, bulbs, pottery, sausages, fine poultry, etc. There is a continuous applause from those in attendance upon the stalls, mostly in peasant costume, and the customers, who are more conventionally dressed. Even the brilliant sunshine of the day is occasionally heightened by the flash of photographers' bulbs.

Accompanied by her aide, General Marmont and her lady-in-waiting, Countess Vereberg, Anne inspects the famous great market at Delft. Here, addressing an International radio audience, the serious-minded young Princess displays an impressive knowledge of Europe's post war reconstruction problems.

DISSOLVE:

A-5 NEWSREEL SHOT - EXT. DUTCH MARKET - SPEAKERS' PLATFORM (DAY)

The Princess, standing before a podium, reads a prepared typed speech into the microphone.

PRINCESS
(In Dutch)
...and in full confidence that by improved trade relationships we may insure the peace and prosperity of our two great nations.

A-5 (Cont'd)

She concludes, acknowledges soft patter of applause and folds her manuscript. Flash bulbs explode. She is presented with a basket of Dutch cheese by a small girl.

DISSOLVE:

A-6 NEWSREEL SHOT - PARADE - PARIS STREET - (DAY)

A parade moves slowly down the street. Several limousines are escorted by double rows of French Zouaves. Crowds of Parisians line the street, waving and wildly cheering as the limousines pass.

COMMENTATOR
In Paris the next day, cheering Parisians welcome the royal entourage.

A-7 NEWSREEL SHOT - INT. LIMOUSINE - (DAY)

In it are the Princess and her guardians. The Princess is dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of Regiment. The strains of a military band come into the limousine.

After a visit to the President of France, the Princess addresses delegates to the convention of International Labor Organizations.

DISSOLVE:

A-8 NEWSREEL SHOT - EXT. HIGH BALCONY - PARIS - (DAY)

The balcony has an ornamental iron-work rail. The Princess in afternoon dress, gloves and hat is speaking into a microphone. Behind her are the General and the Countess. As she steps to the mike it starts to rain. The General opens a large umbrella and holds it over her head so that no drop of rain gets at her.

PRINCESS
(Into mike)
...et avec l'entiere confiance que de meilleures relations commerciales assureront la paix et la prosperite entre nos deux grandes nations.

(...and in full confidence that by improved trade relationships we may insure the peace and prosperity of our two great nations.)

(Continued)

A-8 (Cont'd)

A band strikes up in the square below. The Princess stands looking wearily at the rain falling. Cheers arise from below.

COMMENTATOR
From Paris, the next stop for her Royal Highness will be the Eternal City - Rome!

End of newsreel photography.

NOTE: This newsreel sequence is subject to change based on newsreel or stock footage available. The cities may be any European capitals, and the incidents may include the Princess and her entourage a)being welcomed in a city, b)cheered as she rides in a parade, c)inspecting troops, d)launching a ship, e)addressing an impressive gathering, f)laying a cornerstone, or g)any other similar thing a royal princess might do on a good will tour. Close shots of the Princess and her entourage will be photographed to tie into whatever actual newsreel footage we eventually select.

DISSOLVE:

A-9 thru A-17 MAIN TITLE OVER A SERIES OF HELICOPTER SHOTS OF ROME

The music from the newsreel segues into the romantic scoring of the main title, which appears over a series of spectacular views of Rome, giving an unparalleled view of the beauty of the Eternal City.

The last helicopter shot, if possible, should show a parade led by the Princess' limousine, making its way toward the great Victor Emanuel Monument.

DISSOLVE:

A-18 EXT. STREET - NEAR VICTOR EMANUEL MONUMENT - (DAY)

A line of automobiles is passing slowly. It is flanked by two rows of a cavalry escort.

A-19 INT. LIMOUSINE - (DAY)

Inside are the Princess, Countess Vereberg, General Marmont and the Ambassador to Rome from the Princess' country. She is looking out the window at the great Victor Emanuel Monument, waving to the cheering crowds.

A-20 EXT. VICTOR EMANUEL MONUMENT - (DAY)

The Princess and her entourage approach the steps of the monument building. A crowd watches them.

Two Embassy officials lay the traditional wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The Princess lowers her head respectfully.

DISSOLVE:

A-21 EXT. VATICAN PALACE - (DAY)

Between rows of the Swiss Guard in their striped pantaloons and gay jackets, all of them at salute, the Princess descends the steps toward camera. She is accompanied by the Ambassador, the General in full uniform, the Countess, Papal Court officials in white tie and tails, two Monsignori. She has just concluded an audience with the Holy Father. She is dressed in a long black satin gown with high throatline and sleeves to her wrists, a dark veil over her hair. As she nears camera, darkness of her costume accentuates her paleness, her growing weariness. Flash bulbs pop. Crowd is extremely quiet and dignified.

DISSOLVE:

A-22 EXT. PIAZZA DI SIENA - (DAY)

One side of the Piazza Siena in front of the Central Box during the horse show. The Princess, who is wearing an afternoon dress with hat and gloves, presents a silver cup to the captain of the Italian team. The Princess is accompanied by the Ambassador, General Marmont, the Countess, Italian officials and other members of the Princess' entourage, two of them wearing military uniform. The captain of the Italian team bows as he receives the cup.

PRINCESS
(In Italian)
Spero vivamente che sviluppo dei nostri scambi commerciali possa assicurare lapace e la prosperita ai nostri due grandi paesi.
(...and in full confidence that by improved trade relationships we may insure the peace and prosperity of our two great nations.)

A-22 (Cont'd)

The captain of the team looks at the Princess with surprise. The Ambassador, with an embarrassed smile, coughs slightly to interrupt the Princess, and nudges her lightly with his elbow. The Princess, tired, smiles back without understanding. The crowd applauds, flash bulbs go off.

(NOTE: This may be a horseshow, or any other suitable event happening in Rome, and which we can shoot.)

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 INT. COLONNA PALACE - (NIGHT)

A vast long room of fabulous magnificence, the chandeliers ablaze with light.

A dinner party to the Princess has just concluded and she is taking leave of her host and hostess. She is beautifully gowned in a black evening dress and wearing a small but exquisite tiara of diamonds. The Countess, also in black, the General, and the Ambassador in white tie and tails are in attendance, and slightly behind her as she makes her goodbyes.

The party is grouped at one end of the great hall, which is filled with guests. As the host bows and the hostess curtsies to the Princess, the Ambassador, with a slightly anxious look, takes a discreet glance at his watch, with a movement so slight as to attract no attention. Then a look of relief appears on his face as the Princess turns away to walk out down the room, the General, Countess and Ambassador falling into place just behind her.

The guests separate on either side to make a wide passageway for the Princess and her party. As she passes along, smiling and inclining her head politely to the guests on either side, the men bow and the ladies curtsey.

B-2 CLOSE TRAVELLING SHOT - THE PRINCESS

Camera travels back before the Princess as she comes forward through the lines of guests, taking leave of them with a gracious dignity.

DISSOLVE:

B-3 INT. EMBASSY (BRANCACCIO PALACE) - CLOSE TRAVELLING SHOT THE PRINCESS - (NIGHT)

An exactly similar set-up to B-2, with the camera travelling back before the Princess. But now she is even more magnificently attired in a glittering white ball dress, with full decorations.

There are no guests here and she looks straight before her as she walks, her expression composed, but a hint in it, perhaps, of strain as she faces the prospect of yet more introductions, more polite conversation...

B-4 INT. EMBASSY - ANTECHAMBER - (NIGHT)

We now see that the Princess is passing along a broad strip of carpeting over the marble floor of a long ante-chamber that leads to the Embassy Reception Salon. She is preceded by the dignified, liveried figure of the Embassy Major-domo. Behind her come the entourage - the Countess, now also in a different dress ablaze with jewels, the General in full dress and decorations, and the Ambassador in his ambassadorial uniform.

B-5 INT. EMBASSY - RECEPTION SALON - (NIGHT)

A full shot of the great room, where the Embassy's guests are awaiting the arrival of the Princess. There is an air of subdued anticipation, as the guests talk quietly in small groups. Then the conversation dies away and all eyes are upon one end of the room, as liveried Embassy servants throw open the double doors.

The Major-domo appears at the doorway.

MAJOR-DOMO
(In a clear and ringing voice)
Her Royal Highness, the Princess Anne.

Anne enters, followed by the entourage. There is a movement like a wave over the glittering assembly as the men bow and the women curtsey and Anne makes her way towards a dais at the end of the room.

B-6 DAIS

A throne-like chair is center of the dais. Anne takes up her position some paces in front of the chair, the Countess and the General to either side and some way behind her. The Ambassador at her side and only a pace or so further back on the dais.

B-7 SALON

The guests are beginning to take up their position for the presentations.

The Major-domo makes his way to the foot of the dais and to one side of it. On receipt of a nod from the Ambassador he begins to announce the guests for presentation.

B-7 (Cont'd)

MAJOR-DOMO
The Marchese and Marchesa di Costabello... Count and Countess de Ligne...His Excellency the Papal Protonotarius, Archbishop Fraccelini...Colonel the Honourable Sir Freementle Brown and Lady Brown...

The guests, now forming into an endless line, make their way up to and then past the Princess at the dais. As each one reaches the Princess, the Ambassador makes a gesture of presentation - the ladies curtsey, the gentlemen kiss the Princess' hand, or shake her hand, or merely bow, according to their rank. To each, the Princess manages a sweet smile, a gracious nod. They pass immediately on.

MAJOR-DOMO
His Grace the Duke of Wittelstein... Don Jose' de Talamanca...The Count and Countess von und zu Lichtenholzberg... Mr. Howard Adams...

B-7A PRINCESS

As she acknowledges the introductions.

PRINCESS
How do you do? So happy... So happy...

The voice of the Major-domo continues over the scene, so that the next guest is already being announced as the Princess speaks to the one before - she could not possibly catch the names if she wanted to.

MAJOR-DOMO'S VOICE (O.S.)
The Sheik Ismail el Ismail... Lord and Lady Aldermaston...

B-7B MED. SHOT - DAIS

As more and more guests come past the Princess.

MAJOR-DOMO
(Continuing)
...the Landgrave and Landgravine of Bornstadt...Monsieur du Plessis... Sir Ramendante Singh...Princess Spoletti di Gianberardo...

B-7B (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Continuing)
So happy...enchantée...so happy...

B-8 CLOSER SHOT - PRINCESS

More guests coming past. Her greetings are becoming a shade automatic though she fights against it.

PRINCESS
Charmed...so happy...Gran piacere...

MAJOR-DOMO (O.S.)
His Supremacy the Bey of Rocco...
His Excellency U Pin Tet...His
Excellency Hussef Mekelim Pasha...

A small, smiling Burmese comes past the Princess.

PRINCESS
(In Burmese)
How do you do?

BURMESE
So happy.

He smiles and passes on. There is a momentary gleam of life and amusement in the Princess' eye, but it is gone again in an instant as she is already greeting the next guest, and the next...

PRINCESS
So happy...Delighted...

DISSOLVE:

B-9 INT. EMBASSY BALLROOM - FULL SHOT FEATURING ORCHESTRA - (NIGHT)

The sidelines are filled with guests. There are footmen and waiters attending upon the crown; two cocktail bars, two food bars. The room is as splendid as the guests. The dance floor is vacant. Orchestra leader raises his baton. Instantly all heads by their turning, reveal to us the Princess' position in the room.

B-10 LONG SHOT - AT END OF ROOM

The Princess is seated in a chair. Now she rises. The Ambassador offers her his arm. She accepts it graciously. They move to the floor, swing very properly into the waltz. The dance has begun. Others quickly move on to the floor, and in an instant it is crowded with dancers.

DISSOLVE:

B-11 CLOSE SHOT - PRINCESS AND AMBASSADOR

They are at proper length and distance, dancing formally. Although the floor is crowded, other dancers give them respectfully wide passage; but they cannot refrain from watching the Princess intently as they dance by. The Princess' expression is serious and the Ambassador glances at her, appreciating the strain of the many social engagements.

AMBASSADOR
(Sympathetically)
Are you tired, Ma'am?

PRINCESS
(Instantly bright)
Oh no, I'm quite all right. It was only the standing that bothered me. And thinking how to vary my "pleased-to-meet-you's".

AMBASSADOR
You varied them beautifully. Having a niece your age, I understand the difficulties involved.

PRINCESS
A niece? Is she here?

AMBASSADOR
No. She's having a holiday at Lake Como with her parents and some school friends.

PRINCESS
Oh...
(Rather wistfully)
She'll enjoy that...

The music ends and the Ambassador escorts the Princess a few short steps to her chair. Close at hand are members of the Embassy staff, in the uniform of the Diplomatic Corps.

B-11 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(With a pleasant smile)
Thank you, Your Excellency.

He hands her into her chair. She looks up at him inquiringly. (All this is a routine she has been through many other times, in many other places.)

PRINCESS
Who do I wish to dance with now?

AMBASSADOR
Your Highness now wishes to dance with the Trans-Andean Ambassador.
(Explanatorily)
The Doyen of the Corps Diplomatique.

PRINCESS
(Obediently)
I shall be delighted.

The Ambassador smiles, inclines his head and speaks in an undertone to one of the many Embassy officials close by - a Second Secretary. The Second Secretary goes off to fetch the Princess' partner. The princess sits patiently, is turning to make polite conversation to the Ambassador, as...

DISSOLVE:

B-12 INT. BALLROOM - DANCE FLOOR

The Princess is dancing with an elderly South American in diplomatic uniform and decorations. He holds her at a respectful distance and his dancing is a little fra

DISSOLVE:

B-13 INT. BALLROOM - DANCE FLOOR

The Princess dances with a middle-aged General with a chestful of medals. He holds her at a respectful distance.

DISSOLVE:

B-14 INT. BALLROOM

The Princess dances with an Indian, dressed in formal Indian clothes and turban. The Indian, bearded and moustached, very dignified, holds her at a respectul distance. The music ends and her partner escorts her to her seat beside the Ambassador. The Ambassador rises. She sits down and the Ambassador sits. A footman brings her a glass of water. The Princess accepts it and, as the footman departs, sips it gratefully.

At this point a young man crosses the room. He is probably only a minor Embassy official, but he is a personable young man, with a lively look in his eye. The Princess gives him an interested look. He catches it, retires flustered. The Ambassador coughs to get back the Princess' attention.

AMBASSADOR
(Consulting little list)
Does Your Highness next wish to dance with the head of the Middle Eastern Economic Mission?

The Princess gives an automatic smile of acceptance, but her thoughts are elsewhere. The Ambassador sends the Second Secretary off to fetch her new partner.

PRINCESS
(Abstractedly)
Do I ever wish to dance with <u>him</u>?

AMBASSADOR
Who, Ma'am?

PRINCESS
The young man.

Her glance indicates the departing young man. The Ambassador follows it.

AMBASSADOR
(Apologetically)
I'm not even sure who he is. Later, perhaps, I could have him checked...

PRINCESS
(In mock seriousness)
I think he came in through the window...
(The Ambassador looks momentarily startled)
...to kidnap me...

B-14 (Cont'd)

The Ambassador smiles, realising she is joking, but looks a little anxiously at her. The Princess realise his anxiety, his responsibility. Her training brings her back at once to duty, even if a little reluctantly She smiles reassuringly.

AMBASSADOR
(Explaining his anxiety)
The American ambassador is here. Any wrong kind of publicity...

PRINCESS
(With a little smile)
We might lose our place in the Marshall Plan...

AMBASSADOR
(With a deprecating smile)
Well ma'am...

PRINCESS
(Dutifully)
How many more dances are there?

AMBASSADOR
(Concerned)
Your Highness is tired.

PRINCESS
(Soberly)
No. I just wanted to know.

AMBASSADOR
Well...according to the official protocol list...
(He stops, worried)
Naturally, if Your Highness is tired... but at the very least the heads of the Diplomatic Missions...

He indicates across the ballroom with a slight moveme of the head. The Princess looks in the same directic

B-14A INT. BALLROOM

We see a group of diplomats and dignitaries - a good number of them.

B-14B THE PRINCESS AND THE AMBASSADOR

The Princess is a little dismayed at the size of the group.

AMBASSADOR
(A shade apologetically)
Your Highness understands any omission might be interpreted as intentional...

The Princess nods understandingly, trying to produce a smile.

B-14C INT. BALLROOM

The Princess' next partner, who is a middle-aged man of Turkish or other Middle Eastern extraction, makes his way towards her across the floor. He bows deeply to her.

MIDDLE EASTERN
ECONOMIC ADVISER
(In Turkish)
I am deeply honoured, Your Highness.

PRINCESS
(In Turkish)
So happy...

She rises graciously to dance with him...

DISSOLVE:

B-14D INT. BALLROOM - DANCE FLOOR

The Princess is dancing with the Sheik el Ismail of Ismail, a man of ferociously dramatic appearance. One feels that this time she keeps a respectful distance from him.

DISSOLVE:

B-14E INT. BALLROOM - DANCE FLOOR

The Princess dances with a pallid blond youth, with absolutely no expression in his face.

DISSOLVE:

B-15 INT. EMBASSY - STATE BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

The Princess stands in her nightgown and slippers before a wide elaborate mirrow, with her back to camera, brushing her hair and counting the strokes. We see her figure full-face, reflected in the mirror, as well as the heavy splendour of the room. Countess Vereberg can also be seen, reflected in background, as she smooths down the bed.

The Princess' nightgown is of beautiful material, but the design is very conservative. She looks tired. After a moment, she pauses in her brushing, looks at herself in the mirror and sighs deeply.

PRINCESS
(Still looking in the mirror)
I look like a sack of oats. I hate this nightgown.

The Countess comes across to her, a sympathetic smile on her face.

COUNTESS
It's been a hard week. A night's sleep and you'll be yourself again.

PRINCESS
I hate all my nightgowns. I also hate all my underwear, too.

COUNTESS
(With careful sympathy)
Why, my dear, you have lovely things.

PRINCESS
(With a tired little smile)
Everything I need. But nothing I want. I'm not two hundred years old. Why can't I sleep in pyjamas?

COUNTESS
(A little shocked)
A Princess - in pyjamas...

PRINCESS
Just the top half.

B-15 (Cont'd)

The Countess looks really shocked this time.

COUNTESS
Please...

PRINCESS
(Who is teasing her a little)
Did you know there are people who sleep in absolutely nothing at all?

COUNTESS
Your Royal Highness...

PRINCESS
Did you know that?

COUNTESS
I rejoice to say that I did not.

Music and singing can be heard faintly, coming in through the open double window that leads out on to the balcony. The Countess makes to close them.

PRINCESS
Please leave them open.

COUNTESS
(Hesitating)
The music may keep you awake.

PRINCESS
(With a shade of irritation)
I like it.

The Countess reluctantly leaves the windows open and comes towards her again.

PRINCESS
(Wistfully)
Listen -- people dancing and singing -- as if there were no cornerstones -- no trade relations...

COUNTESS
(Gently taking brush from her)
Let me help you, my dear.

She starts to brush the Princess' hair.

PRINCESS
(With a sigh)
Sometimes I wish I could cut it all off.

B-15 (Cont'd)

COUNTESS
(Shocked)
Your Highness! No woman in the Royal family has cut her hair since the Middle Ages.

PRINCESS
I know. I'm sorry...

The doorbell rings. A maidservant enters and announces

MAID
General Provno requests the privilege of an audience.

PRINCESS
Now?

COUNTESS
(Hastily)
Your robe.

She fetches her robe quickly.

PRINCESS
Please. I don't want to see the General.

COUNTES
(Helping her to put on the robe)
But you must.

PRINCESS
(With a wry smile)
Royalty isn't what it used to be. In the old days, I could have had him beheaded instead.

The General enters the room and bows slightly to the Princess. The Princess manages a charming smile.

GENERAL
Your pardon for this late visit, Ma'am, but it is something of urgency. There is a change in the programme tomorrow. Instead of the rest period from 11:45 to 12:10, Your Highness will meet the Press of Rome -- journalists from all the countries of the world.

PRINCESS
(Taken aback)
Oh no! I've never talked to the Press.

B-15 (Cont'd)

GENERAL
(Smiling)
Your Highness will give her first interview tomorrow.

PRINCESS
That's impossible! I have nothing to say.

The Countess takes advantage of the moment to close the windows and pull the drapes.

GENERAL
(Handing the Princess a paper)
It has all been arranged -- in advance. Here are the questions they will ask Your Highness. And here are the answers Your Highness will make.

PRINCESS
(Reading from paper)
"What the world needs is a return to sweetness and decency in the souls of its young men and women."
(She looks up)
What girl would speak like that? They'll laugh at me. I'll go down in history as a half-wit -- the Idiot Princess. Is that what you want?

GENERAL
(Bows, stiffly)
I ask your permission, Ma'am to withdraw.

PRINCESS
(Equally stiff)
Granted.

The General turns to the door, then pauses.

GENERAL
May I suggest Your Highness memorize her answers to the Press. Goodnight, Ma'am.

He bows again and leaves. The Princess gives his departing figure a look, then she looks wearily at the paper he gave her.

PRINCESS
I'll read it in bed.

She drops it on the bedside table and starts to remove her robe.

B-15 (Cont'd)

COUNTESS
(Hurrying across)
One moment. I'll help you...

PRINCESS
(Waving her away with a gesture)
Please...

She discards the robe and starts to get into bed. The Countess turns to a side-table on which an elegant little tray is laid out. On it is a glass of milk, a plate of crackers and a vase with a single rose in it.

COUNTESS
(As she brings the tray across)
Your milk and crackers -- they'll help you to sleep.

PRINCESS
(As she gets into bed)
I'm too tired to sleep. I shan't sleep a wink.

The Countess puts a bed-tray before her. The Princess starts to nibble the crackers and sip the milk. Her face is tense and brooding as she stares into space.

COUNTESS
(Gently but firmly)
Now my dear -- tomorrow's programme... 8:30 - breakfast here with the Embassy staff. At 9 o'clock we leave to visit the Polinari Automotive Works, where you will be presented with a small car.

PRINCESS
(Eagerly)
A car?

COUNTESS
But you are not to accept it.

PRINCESS
No, thank you.

COUNTESS
10:35 - the inspection of the Food and Agriculture Organization, which will present you with an olive tree, which you will accept. No speech, just "thank you."

PRINCESS
Thank you. I have nothing to say.

B-15 (Cont'd)

As the Countess continues, the Princess sits sneering and caricaturing her "Royal" activities.

COUNTESS
10:55 review special guard of Carabinieri - they're police, you know. At 11:45 -- back here to rest.
(Corrects herself)
That's wrong - at 11:45 conference here with the Press.
(She pencils it in her notes)
At one sharp, luncheon at the Foreign Ministry. Your Highness will wear your white lace and --
(The Princess says it with her)
--carry a bouquet of very small pink roses.
(The Countess resumes alone)
2 o'clock - back here to change. At 2:30 - the new Foundling Home for Orphans. Your Highness will preside over the laying of the cornerstone. Same speech as last Monday.

PRINCESS
Trade relations?

COUNTESS
Precisely.

PRINCESS
With the orphans?

COUNTESS
(Hastily)
No, no - the other one.

PRINCESS
Youth and Progress...

COUNTESS
At 4 o'clock --

PRINCESS
Back here to change.

COUNTESS
(A little exasperatedly)
Presentation by the Young Mothers' International Council. No speech.

(Continued)

B-15 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS

Thank you... I should like to be a young mother, too.

COUNTESS
(Droning on)
At quarter to six, reception at the Academy of Fine Arts...

PRINCESS
(Through the Countess' talk)
Delighted to meet you... How do you do, Your Grace... Thank you. No, thank you. Yes, thank you. Charmed. So nice to meet you... So happy... So happy...
(She explodes suddenly)
Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!
(Voice trailing away to a whisper)
Stop.

She is panting. Her forehead is damp. The Countess, alarmed, rises quickly. Glass of milk and other artic on the tray have spilled and there is milk on the counterpane. The Princess is almost weeping with exasperation.

COUNTESS
(Taking tray)
Here...
(Sets tray aside)

PRINCESS
(Savagely)
I hate milk anyhow.

She flings herself against her pillow. Countess hastily strips the counterpane from the bed, feels where the milk has spilled.

COUNTESS
It didn't soak through. I'll get a fresh cover.

PRINCESS
(Voice muffled in pillow)
I don't care whether it soaked through or not. I don't care if I drown in it! And I don't need a fresh cover.
(She is in tears)

B-15 (Cont'd)

COUNTESS
(Alarmed)
My dear -- you're ill. I'll send for Doctor Bonnachhoven.

PRINCESS
(Hysterically)
I don't want Doctor Bonnachhoven! Please - please let me die in peace!

COUNTESS
(Sharply)
Your Highness...

PRINCESS
(Wildly)
Leave me! Leave me!

She lies on her stomach and sobs.

COUNTESS
(Over her)
It's nerves! Control yourself, Anne!

PRINCESS
(Banging the pillow with her fists)
I don't want to control myself! I don't want to!

COUNTESS
(Firmly)
I'll get Doctor Bonnachhoven --
(Starts for door)

PRINCESS
(Wailing)
I'll be dead before he gets here...

B-16 INT. STATE BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Dr. Bonnachhoven, in shirt, trousers, slippers and dressing gown, enters. He carries a medical bag, and is from his appearance and manner a first-class court Physician. He is followed by the Countess and the General, also in dressing gown and slippers.

They move to the bed. The Princess lies quietly with her back to them.

GENERAL
(With a look at the Countess)
She's asleep.

(Continued)

B-16 (Cont'd)

COUNTESS
(Defensively)
She was in hysterics three minutes ago, Doctor.

DOCTOR
(Softly)
Are you asleep, Ma'am?

PRINCESS
No.

She turns a strained, tear-smudged face to him and attempts a little smile. She is still in a state of occasional dry, involuntary after-sobs. The Doctor sets his case on the bed, places a thermometer in her mouth, reaches casually for her wrist. She surrenders it meekly.

DOCTOR
I'll only disturb your Royal Highness a moment.

PRINCESS
(With the thermometer in her mouth)
I'm -- I'm terribly ashamed. Dr. Bonnachhoven. Quite suddenly - I seemed to be crying. I ...

Gently but firmly, he signals to her to keep her lips closed, so that the temperature can be taken. He smiles reassuringly at her.

DOCTOR
To cry -- a perfectly normal thing to do.
(As she looks at him questioningly)
Why else do we have tear ducts?

GENERAL
It's most important that she be calm and relaxed for the Press Conference, Doctor.

PRINCESS
(Smiling wearily)
Don't worry. I'll be calm and re-
[illegible]. I'll bow and smile -- and lay cornerstones and improve trade relations ...
(She breaks off and begins to cry)

B-16 (Cont'd)

COUNTESS
(Quickly)
There she goes again. Give her something, Doctor.

The Doctor takes a reading of the thermometer. All eyes are upon him. He opens his bag and removes a hypodermic.

DOCTOR
Uncover her arm, please.

PRINCESS
(Staring)
What's that?

DOCTOR
(As he prepares swab of antiseptic)
Sleep -- and calm.

The Countess turns up the Princess' sleeve. The Doctor wipes a small area of her arm with the swab and gives her the injection.

DOCTOR
(As he does this)
This will relax you and make Your Highness feel a little happy. It's a new drug. Quite harmless. There.

During this the General turns away, unable to look. The Princess is amused at his discomfiture. Then she looks at the Doctor.

PRINCESS
(To Doctor)
I don't feel any different.

DOCTOR
You will. It may take a little time to take hold.
(Soothingly)
There...now...just lie back...

The Countess begins to put out the lights.

PRINCESS
(Hesitantly)
Could I keep just one light on?

DOCTOR
(Lightly and reassuringly)
Of course, Ma'am. Best thing I know is to do exactly what you wish for a while.

(Continued)

B-16 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Closing her eyes)
Thank you, Doctor. Good night.

The Doctor bows. The Countess has turned out all the lights, save one which is some distance from the bed, leaving it in shadow. The Doctor nods his approval to her and the three make quietly for the door.

B-17 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - (NIGHT)

The Ambassador is waiting there. He, too, is in dressing gown and slippers. He looks anxiously towards the Countess, General and the Doctor as they enter. The Countess closes the door quietly behind them.

AMBASSADOR
(Anxiously)
Is she ill?

DOCTOR
She is tired. I shall have to order a full day in bed tomorrow.

GENERAL
That's quite impossible.

DOCTOR
(A little exasperated)
It's quite essential. First, the drug I gave her will make her sleep 'till noon. Second, if you wake her before, she will be most irrational. And apart from that, I forbid it.

GENERAL
But the programme...

DOCTOR
(Firmly)
You must add a new item to it. One day in bed. Nineteen-year-old girls are not equipped for the ordeal she's been through.
(Turns to the Countess)
Just have a look at her during the night -- around three or four thirty. Call me if you need me.
(Turns to exit)
Good night.

The doctor leaves.

B-17 (Cont'd)

GENERAL
(Agitatedly to Ambassador)
We'll have to issue a bulletin -- that she's indisposed.

AMBASSADOR
(Calmly dismissing his agitation)
That is all right. She has a cold. It will humanize her very acceptably. Americans, particularly, will love a Royal Princess with a common cold.

The General and Ambassador move to exit door. The Countess goes to door of Princess' bedroom, opens it an inch and peers in.

B-18 INT. STATE BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

The Countess sees the Princess apparently asleep.

The Princess, without moving her head, looks towards the narrow vertical s trip of light at the edge of the slightly open door. She closes her eyes tightly. When she hears the sound of the door being gently closed again, she opens her eyes and stares across the room. A dry, shuddering sob chokes up in her throat. She sniffles.

In the dim light, she rises to a sitting position, facing edge of bed, legs doubled under her, Oriental fashion. She takes a handkerchief from bedside table, dabs at her eyes.

Then she gets out of bed and goes to the covered windows. She pulls open the drapes and opens the double window to the balcony.

B-19 EXT. BALCONY - (NIGHT)

As the Princess steps out on to it from the room, she looks out over the moonlit city, listening to its sounds...Street traffic, voices of people, laughter and music and singing from a festival across the River Tiber.

(Note: This may be the Festival of Madonna del Carmine in the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere.)

B-19 (Cont'd)

She stands there, looking longingly out at the scene, drinking it in.

A little smile comes on her face. Then, a sound from below disturbs it. She looks down towards the grounds of the Embassy, below.

B-20 EXT. EMBASSY GROUNDS SHOOTING DOWN FROM BALCONY-(NIGHT)

Two men in civilian clothes slowly pace the grounds beneath the Princess' window, keeping guard.

B-21 EXT. BALCONY - PRINCESS

Her frowning look is replaced by one close to defiance. With a sudden movement, she swirls away into the bedroom.

B-22 INT. STATE BEDROOM

The Princess dances across the room in a series of ecstatic little steps towards the door of her dressing-room. She light-heartedly opens it and sails through.

B-23 INT. DRESSING ROOM - (NIGHT)

The Princess enters and turns on a light. Her suits, gowns, and dresses are hanging in a large closet. She slides open the door and rummages among them. The drug begins to take hold. She sways a little dizzily and closes her eyes. Opening them, she selects a tailored suit. She sits down at the dressing table and starts quickly making up...

DISSOLVE TO:

B-24 INT. STATE BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

The Princess emerges from the dressing room. She is now dressed in the tailored suit, and her hair is put up.

She goes to the exit door of the room, opens it cautiously and peers into the corridor.

B-25 INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR - (NIGHT)

A plainclothes policeman is on duty there.

B-26 INT. STATE BEDROOM

The Princess closes the door - looks around a little hopelessly.

She goes out on to the balcony which runs along the length of the building, and glances along it in either direction. Lights are on in the windows in one direction, so she starts off in the opposite one.

B-27 EXT. BALCONY - (NIGHT)

As the Princess moves along the balcony, which is lit only by moonlight, she glances down nervously towards the grounds below where the guards are still pacing, and, keeping well back by the wall of the building, continues on, trying cautiously at the various darkened windows to enter. At length she finds one which opens under her touch. She peers in through the glass before opening it fully, then slips inside.

B-27A INT. BALLROOM - (NIGHT)

It is deserted, and there is no light save the moonlight which comes in through the long windows.

The small figure of the Princess comes into the enormous room and starts across the ballroom floor making for the door at the other end.

We see her pass the group of chairs where she sat during the evening with the Ambassador.

B-27B INT. EMBASSY LANDING

A large marble floor space outside the ballroom from which an imposing marble staircase descends to the lower floors.

One of the Embassy's plainclothes policemen is strolling past the closed doors of the ballroom towards an archway which leads into another set of rooms.

As he passes the ballroom doors, one of them opens slightly and then abruptly stops opening, as the invisible Princess behind it becomes aware of the guard.

B-27B (Cont'd)

The guard strolls on through the archway and a moment later the ballroom door opens and the Princess slips out. She glances anxiously in the direction the guard has taken and heads for the staircase on tiptoe.

B-27C STAIRCASE

The vast sweep of the staircase as the Princess starts to hurry down it. In her haste her heels clatter on the marble, and after a moment she stops in alarm and slips off her court shoes and, carrying them in her hand, continues on down the staircase in her stockinged feet.

B-27D INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE

Another large landing with many doors leading off it. The staircase itself continues on to lower levels.

As the Princess reaches the landing and is about to make for the next section of the staircase, a door further along the landing opens and Italian voices are heard, mingled with the clatter of crockery and glassware.

The Princess pauses in alarm. Some kitchen porters come out of the doorway, bringing trays of silverware, glass and china - part of the catering equipment from the buffet. They start along the landing in the direction of the Princess, who is hidden from them by part of the balustrade, but any minute they are bound to see her. One of the landing doors is close by her and in desperation she plunges through it.

B-27E INT. EMBASSY SERVICE ROOM - (NIGHT)

A barely furnished little room with linen, trays and other household equipment in it.

Clearly it offers no way of escape. But now the voices outside and the sound of the crockery and silver as the men carry them along are coming closer. The Princess stands there breathlessly, and once again a slight feeling of giddiness comes over her. She clutches at a panel of the wall to steady herself, and the panel swings open, for a moment almost throwing her off her feet. She stares into the space behind the panel and sees a very large dumb-waiter. In it, well to the back, are a number of empty champagne bottles ready for sending downstairs.

(Continued)

B-27E (Cont'd)

The voices of the men outside are very close now. The Princess, with a sudden decision, climbs into the dumb waiter with a clinking of champagne bottles and hurriedly pulls herself downwards out of sight.

DISSOLVE:

B-27F INT. EMBASSY WINE CELLAR - (NIGHT)

It is a witch's dream of stone arches, spider-webbed bottles, cavernous echoes. At the far end of a dim smudge of light.

This forbidding cavern is somewhat more than she had bargained for. The Princess climbs down from the dumb waiter and begins to make her way cautiously through the maze of arches. Her footsteps echo weirdly again the stone floor. She stops and gasps as a spider's web becomes entangled with her hair. She continues fearfully towards the smudge of light.

The Princess comes up to it and sees it emanate from doorway opening on an angular stone staircase moving upwards. She starts up the steps.

B-27G INT. LANDING OF STAIRCASE

The Princess stops, panicked by the sound of descending footsteps. She shrinks into a dark corner of the landing. The figure of the Wine-keeper, a heavy key around his neck, descends and passes her. Her eyes watch him fearfully as he disappears below. Then she hurries up the stairs.

B-28 INT. PASTRY KITCHEN - (NIGHT) - MOONLIGHT

The Princess emerges from the stairway into the PASTRY Kitchen, which is enormous, with stone floors and a tier of ovens, large tables over which are hanging on the walls large copper tubs. Seeking the darkest shadows, the Princess glides along one wall. Her shoulder brushes a pot, and there is a metallic sound. She is terrified by a man's silhouette looming before her in the moonlight.

SILHOUETTE
(In hoarse whisper)
Sono qui - qui sopra...
(I'm here - up here...)

B-28 (Cont'd)

She ducks back quickly, a badly frightened young girl. The head turns towards the sound of guarded footsteps approaching.

We see it is a young Italian busboy and, in b.g., approaching him from the direction of the wine pantry door, is a scullery maid with a champagne bottle.

MAID
Enrico?

BUS-BOY
Chi altro?
(Who else?)

They move towards each other and embrace.

MAID
(Showing bottle)
Champagne rosa!

BUS-BOY
Ahi, mia bella, mia meravigliosa piccola ladra!
(Ah, my beautiful, wonderful little thief!)

They embrace ardently and he leads her into the shadows.

The Princess comes towards the clandestine couple, recovering from her fright. Her expression softens as she realises she is spying on a romantic assignation. The sound of muffled sighs comes over scene and she deems it proper to spy no longer. She sneaks towards the open door leading to the service yard.

B-29 EXT. SERVICE DOORWAY - (NIGHT)

The Princess emerges, then melts into the shadows at the sound of voices.

B-30 thru B-33 EXT. SERVICE YARD

A catering truck is drawn up with its back towards the service doorway. Members of the Embassy kitchen personnel, with the help of the truck driver, are putting in trays and containers of buffet equipment.

The job is almost finished when a personable looking Embassy maid comes running out with something that has been forgotten (two plated spirit stoves, for example), and hurries to place them in the back of the truck as the rest of the Embassy staff stream back in.

B-30 thru B-33 (Cont'd)

The maid makes to turn away too, but the young truck driver comes after her and catches up with her. He takes hold of her, trying to embrace her.

TRUCK DRIVER
(Whispering)
E vieni qui - stai bona!
(Come here - be nice!)

MAID
(In an agitated whisper)
E fermo! Ci vedono!
(Stop! They'll see us!)

The Princess takes advantage of the moment to slip out of the shadows and over to the open rear of the truck. She clambers hastily inside.

The maid, laughing, slips out of the truck driver's arms and runs in at the service door. He looks after her a moment, then turns away with a good-natured shrug.

B-34 INT. TRUCK - THE PRINCESS

As she arranges herself in an unobtrusive corner among the catering equipment, sitting in her customary cross-legged fashion.

DISSOLVE:

B-35 EXT. EMBASSY SERVICE GATE - (NIGHT)

The truck coming from inside the Embassy grounds approaches the service gate, which is swung open for it by a guard. The truck drives out.

B-36 INT. TRUCK - CLOSE SHOT - THE PRINCESS

From the bumping movement and the rattle of silverware and crockery it is evident that the truck is getting well under way. Another inexplicable yawn seizes the Princess - this time she does not trouble to cover her mouth. She leans her head and shoulders against the side of the truck. In spite of her pleasure with her accomplishment, her eyelids are drooping unaccountably. She shakes her head to wake herself. She subsides against one of the containers, her eyes sleepy but determined.

DISSOLVE:

B-37 EXT. PIAZZA DEL POPOLO - (NIGHT)

(NOTE: The Piazza in which this scene takes place will depend on location chosen for the Princess asleep in Sequence "C".)

The truck stops in front of the doorway near the Rosati Caffe. The caffe is closed, and so are all the shutters of the nearby houses.

The door of the building is opened from inside and a man emerges. He starts to open the doors fully to allow for the entrance of the truck.

During this the Princess climbs down from the truck and looks about her.

The truck drives off through the doorway as the Princess starts to move across the Piazza - to all appearances a late-night pedestrian.

B-38 EXT. PIAZZA DEL POPOLO - (NIGHT)

The Princess crosses the piazza, heading for the entrance to the Pincian Gardens. She looks at the two churches; she is tired, she stops, and then she sleepily resumes walking.

A young man on a bicycle, heading for the Corso, cuts her off and looks back at her. He goes a little further, then he turns around and rides back in front of the Princess to see what such a beautiful girl is doing out alone at that hour.

YOUNG MAN ON BICYCLE
(Smiling)
Ciao, bella!
(Hi, beautiful!)

The Princess gives him no encouragement, so the young man on the bicycle heads once again for the Corso. The Princess continues to walk a little unsteadily, as if she were drunk, towards the Pincio.

DISSOLVE:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

C-1 CLOSE SHOT - JOE BRADLEY - IN HOTEL ROOM

He is seated at a table, seriously inspecting a hand of draw poker. He is a man of perhaps thirty with a knowing, tolerant face and a vast and cynical irreverence. He wears a vest, his coat being hung on the back of his chair. His tie is loosened, his collar unbuttoned. His hat rests far back on his head and a cigarette is carefully planted over his left ear. He frowns at his cards, carefully withdraws two of them, throws them onto the table.

JOE
Two.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

C-2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

Seven members of the American Press corps in Rome are at the weary fag end of a poker game. They are slouched around the table in various stages of fatigue and disrepair. Aside from the table and chairs, the room has only a bed and a bureau. A typewriter has been hoisted onto the latter to clear the table for the game. Holding the deal is HOMER VAIL. Around the table, left clockwise from Homer, are IRVING FRANKOVITCH, EZRA BROWN, JOE BRADLEY, CASH PURCHELL, TONY BRANCUSI AND BART FIGELMAN.

HOMER
(He is fiftyish, has a broken nose, hard eyes, a mane of disordered white hair. To Irving)
How many?

IRVING
(He is thirty, a smart, cynical cameraman. A Contax, in its case, hangs from the back of his chair)
Stand on these.

HOMER
Next --

C-2 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Squeezes drawn cards - speaks to them)
Be there, boys. Old Joe needs a ticket back to New York.

IRVING
New York! You're so far in hock to your bureau chief you'll be here till you're too old to write your own by-line.

JOE
I will be if I can't draw better than these.

EZRA
(Next to Irving)
I never saw such cards. What am I doing so far from home, anyhow?
(Throws one away)
One.
(Takes new card - looks at it moodily)
I could be running a hardware store in Peoria right this minute instead of losing my dough to a bunch of newspaper bums.

CASH
(Next to Joe)
Two red ones. I'm getting out of the racket myself. Turn journalist. For journalism you don't have to bother about facts.

EZRA
All you need is twenty-five chapters and a title. "How I Lived the Best Years of My Life With Cannibals."
(Throws a note)
I'll look once.

Joe throws in a note.

C-2 (Cont'd)

BART
That's a nice title. Do it in real good English, too.

CASH
(Resignedly)
Up a hundred. Just building it.

TONY
(Has to look at cards)
This game is getting out of control.
(He puts in, followed by Bart and Homer)

IRVING
Joe lived with cannibals. Didn't you, Joe?
(He throws in a bill)
Five hundred.

EZRA
(Reluctantly, after study)
I've got to stick around.
(Throws bet in)

JOE
They weren't full-time cannibals.
(Throws in)
Up it again.

IRVING
Go on, Joe. Tell about the time you turned cannibal. Half these guys never heard it.

JOE
(Deprecatingly)
It wasn't much. We were stuck up in the Maine woods in the winter of '38 waiting for a story to break, and we ran out of supplies, so we ate this lumberjack. That's all.

HOMER
He taste good?

JOE
Good as any lumberjack. They're all gamey.

IRVING
(Looking around table)
We all in?

C-2 (Cont'd)

They are.

BART
(Spreading hand out, cards face up)
Anybody beat three shy little sevens?

IRVING
Yep.
(Shows his hand)
A nervous straight.

EZRA
(To Irving)
Your pot.

IRVING
(Counting money)
Six thousand three hundred - not bad - ten dollars.
(Rising)
Well, thanks men.

EZRA
Don't mention it.

JOE
(Rising)
I'm through, boys. I'm down to my last five thousand.
(Folds the money carefully and tucks it away in his vest pocket)
You fellows are crazy wasting your time like this.
(Putting on coat)
I'm going to get some sleep. Got a date tomorrow to interview Cornerstone Annie. Her Highness is finally going to talk.

CASH
(A grunt)
You and fifty other guys.
See you there.

JOE
(Grinning)
Shucks. I thought that was a Royal invitation - exclusive, just for me.
(Starts for door)

C-2 (Cont'd)

EZRA
(To the others)
Sure, for an exclusive with that little dame there is a standing offer of twenty-five hundred bucks.

JOE
Yeah? Who from?

CASH
American News Service. Ever hear of it?

JOE
(Surprised)
My own outfit? Why don't they ever tell me these things?

EZRA
I guess they only want to attract the better boys.

CASH
They'd prefer the yarn with a love angle, in case you're interested.

JOE
For that kind of dough I'd make the love interest myself. Well, good night.

IRVING
See you gents next week, and don't go around spending your money - save it for me.

They exit. The ad lib goodnights are interrupted by Bart, who now has the deal.

BART
Let's have the cards, gentlemen. Try a little acey-deucy this time.

As the men throw their cards to him.

DISSOLVE:

6-2-52

C-2A EXT. HOTEL - (NIGHT)

The moon is shining. Joe and Irving come out of the hotel. The doorman salutes them.

DOORMAN
Notte, Signor Irving. Notte, Signor Bradley.

JOE
Notte...

IRVING
Ciao, Pietro...

Joe and Irving cross to where a small Fiat Topolino is parked. Irving unlocks the door of the car.

IRVING
(Getting into car)
Want a lift?

JOE
No thanks. It's less work to walk than to get in there.

He gives the car a playful smack with his hand and strolls off along the street.

DISSOLVE:

C-3 EXT. PARK - (NIGHT)

The moon shines. Joe is walking in leisurely fashion past fountains and groups of statuary. Suddenly some thing he hears brings him to a stop, and he listens curiously.

PRINCESS' VOICE
So happy...Thank you...

He looks round enquiringly. The only thing in sight is a group of statuary - stone faces with a variety of expressions. The voice appears to have issued from one of them. Joe shakes his head as though he knows he must have been dreaming and is about to walk on when the voice comes again.

PRINCESS' VOICE
Charmed...Delighted...

Joe, astonished, starts towards the statues and after a moment of puzzled scrutiny, sees the Princess, lying on a bench beyond the group of statuary, fast asleep.

C-3 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(In Spanish, in her sleep)
Your Excellency...

She starts to turn over in her sleep and will clearly fall off the bench. Joe makes a dash and just reaches her in time.

PRINCESS
(Without opening her eyes)
Delighted...Thank you so much...

Joe gives her a little shake to try and wake her.

PRINCESS
(Still in her sleep)
No, thank you.

JOE
You'd better sit up a little...

He maneuvers her into a sitting position.

PRINCESS
(With a routine smile and without opening her eyes)
How do you do...
(She extends her hand)
Charmed...

JOE
(Taking her hand)
I'm charmed too...

The Princess opens her eyes and looks at Joe. Then she looks at her hand which he is still holding. She withdraws her hand and looks at him severely.

PRINCESS
People don't enter my room without being announced.

JOE
The door was open.

She looks at him a little more coherently.

PRINCESS
(Vaguely)
What do you want?

C-3 (Cont'd)

JOE
Look -- you're too young to be picked up by the police.

PRINCESS
(Happily)
The police? I will see them in the morning. Then back here to change.

She yawns heavily and begins to close her eyes.

JOE
(Giving her a gentle shake)
Now listen, honey, you'd better get yourself some coffee and snap out of it.

PRINCESS
(Dreamily)
"If I were dead and buried and I heard your voice -
Beneath the sod my heart of dust would still rejoice - "
(Joe stares at her)
Do you know that poem?

JOE
(Studying her young and pretty face)
Well-educated, well-dressed and snoozing away in a public park. Care to make a statement?

PRINCESS
(Sleepily)
Oh yes. "What the world needs is a return to sweetness and decency in the souls of its young men and women."

As she says this she sways against him. Apprehensive he feels for the money in his pocket and transfers it to a safer place.

JOE
(As he does so)
I couldn't agree with you more - but it's late and I've got a wife and eight children at home. And there's no room for anybody else.
(As an afterthought)
And I'm not lonely.

C-3 (Cont'd)

He spots a passing cab and rapidly whistles to stop i

JOE
(Hastily to Princess as he does so)
Goodnight.

He turns away towards the cab as it comes to a stop a the curb. Joe opens the door and is about to get in when he glances back towards the Princess. She has slumped down in sleep again and again looks in immino danger of toppling off the bench. A silent struggle for a moment in Joe's mind, while the Cab Driver watches with impartial understanding. Then Joe moves impatiently back to the Princess and takes her by the shoulders. With a great effort she opens her eyes.

JOE
Look, you take the cab.
(Very distinctly)
Climb into the cab and go home.

PRINCESS
(Half asleep and not moving)
So happy...

JOE
Have you got any money?

PRINCESS
Oh no... I never carry...any money...

JOE
That's a bad habit. Where's your purse?

PRINCESS
(Vaguely)
No purse.

JOE
(Surrendering)
All right - I'll drop you off - come on.

With an effort, and his assistance, she rises, stumbles into the cab. Joe enters after her.

C-4 INT. CAB - (NIGHT) - TWO SHOT - JOE AND PRINCESS

The Princess looks around vaguely.

C-4 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
It's a taxi?

JOE
(Smiling)
Well, it's not the Superchief.

PRINCESS
Always wanted to ride in a taxi.

JOE
You've never been in one?

PRINCESS
No. It's always been one of my dearest wishes.

Joe eyes her curiously. The driver looks back through the partition.

DRIVER
Dove andiamo?
(Where to?)

JOE
(To the Princess)
Where do you live?

PRINCESS
(Dreamily)
Colosseum...

JOE
Now look - you're not that drunk.

PRINCESS
You're very smart - I'm not drunk at all. I'm just being very happy.

She allows her head to drop on his shoulder.

JOE
Hey, don't go to sleep again!

DRIVER
Per favore, Signore - dove andiamo?
(Please, Signore - where do I go?)

C-4 (Cont'd)

JOE
Andiamo - lo dirò in un momento dove fermare.
(Let's go - I'll tell you in a moment where to stop.)

The taxi starts off.

JOE
Come on now - where do you live? Where do I take you?
(No answer)
Remember - you're in a taxi. In a taxi - you give the driver the address and he takes you where you want to go. Now - where do you want to go?

During this, he tries to shake her awake, slaps her cheeks gently, and snaps his fingers in front of her face.

PRINCESS
(Comes to for a moment)
Palazzo Piantadosi...Via Milano...

JOE
(To driver)
You see - all we had to do was ask.

DRIVER
Is wrong address.

JOE
Why?

DRIVER
You find out.

The cab pulls away.

DISSOLVE:

C-5 EXT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT)

It is an ancient Italian palace, cold and splendid in the Roman tradition. Imposing ornamental gates, at present closed, give on to a large forecourt in front of the building itself. The place is in darkness except for a single lighted window perhaps somewhere on the ground floor.

C-5 (Cont'd)

The taxi-cab grinds to a stop in front of the entrance gates. Joe gets out. He looks dubiously at the very imposing building.

DRIVER
(Calling after him)
No right place...You find out now...

Joe makes to try the gate but it is locked.

JOE
(As he does so)
How do you get in here?

At this a powerful flashlight hits him in the face and a stream of Italian.

JOE
Parla inglese?

One of the plainclothes guards comes hurrying agitated ly to the inside of the gates. (He speaks pretty good English.)

GUARD
(As he comes)
Sssh! Not so loud, please! Everybody asleep!

They talk to one another through the gates.

JOE
Listen - I've got a girl in the cab who says she lives here...

GUARD
Here!

JOE
She's not exactly sober, either.

GUARD
(None too friendly)
You have wrong address. His Excellency is bachelor. No young woman she lives here at all - except the maids, who use naturally the other gate - and they are all inside.

He turns away.

JOE
(Exasperatedly)

C-5 (Cont'd)

GUARD
(Turning again, furiously)
Sssh! Silence, please!

JOE
(In an undertone, trying to reason with him)
Maybe she lives further down the street or something. Couldn't you just come out and look at her - you might know her...

GUARD
(Shaking his head with finality)
Impossible. Cannot leave here. Orders very strict.

JOE
(Annoyed)
But for heaven's sake - It's only two yards...
(As he sees it is hopeless)
Thanks just the same.

Joe goes back and gets into cab.

C-6 INT. TAXI

The driver is looking at Joe with an "I told you so" expression.

DRIVER
(With a challenging look in his eye)
Now - where we go?

Joe gives him a look, and looks into the cab. The Princess is leaning comfortably back, asleep. Joe takes the Princess by the arm and shakes her. Her eyes open sleepily.

JOE
Come on now...concentrate. Where do you live?

PRINCESS
(Very nearly asleep)
Colosseum...

The driver looks angrily in through the partition.

C-6 (Cont'd)

DRIVER
Now, look, signore, it's late a night - I have enough...I work a long day... I no spend the night to drive from here to there...to back here...over there...I like to go to bed sometime... I have sufficient...

Joe, with a despairing look on his face, slams the door of the cab shut and speaks through to the driver.

JOE
(Despairingly)
Via Margutta - 51B.

DRIVER
Via Margutta - almeno qualcosa, grazie al cielo.
(Via Margutta - at least something, thank heaven.)

He crashes his gears and does a 180 degree turn. As the cab swings round, the Princess lands in Joe's lap.

DISSOLVE:

C-7 EXT. VIA MARGUTTA - IN FRONT OF JOE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

The street is deserted. The rear door of the cab is open and the Princess is inside, still asleep.

Joe stands by the cab driver's window. He feels in hi pockets for money. There is an anguished look on his face as he fails to find it, then he suddenly remember that he changed it to another pocket. He pulls out th ten thousand lire bill and hands it to the driver. As the driver sorts out the change, Joe glances in again at the Princess. The driver gives him his change in a good number of bills of varying sizes. Joe sorts out some of them and gives them to the driver.

DRIVER
(Impressed by the amount)
Mille grazie, signore.

JOE
And on a little of that you take her wherever she wants to go... capito?

DRIVER
Come?
(What?)

C-7 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Minimizing the difficulties)
She'll tell you...as soon as she wakes up.

He makes to close the door but the driver hurriedly jumps out.

DRIVER
(As he does so)
Ah, no, no, no! Non facciamo scherzi...
(Oh, no, no, no! Let's stop kidding...)
(With some emphasis)
My taxi is no room...no room to sleep.
Capito?

JOE
Look, pal, this isn't my problem. I never set eyes on her before.

The driver sees a policeman approaching some way down the street.

DRIVER
(With an air of decision)
O.K. - we give her to policeman...

He makes to move in the policeman's direction.

JOE
(Restraining him)
No, no, just a minute.

DRIVER
(Exasperated)
What you want? You don't want her - I don't want her - who else is going to want?

The policeman comes up to them. (He speaks only in Italian).

POLICEMAN
Che succede?
(What's going on?)

JOE
(Making an effort to smile)
Niente.
(Nothing.)

C-7 (Cont'd)

DRIVER
(With some agitation, to Joe)
She don't stay in my taxi. My taxi go home. I go home too.

With a scowl at the driver, Joe helps the Princess out of the cab.

PRINCESS
(Very drowsily)
Thank you. So happy.

DRIVER
(To the Princess)
He wanted to leave you, your lover, eh?
(Laughs)
The policeman looks at her curiously.

POLICEMAN
(To Joe)
Che, si senta male?
(Is she sick?)

JOE
Oh no...ha sonno. Adesso la porto a casa.
(Oh no...she's sleepy. I'll take her home now.)

He supports the Princess. The driver takes advantage of the occasion to make his getaway.

DRIVER
(Hastily, to Joe)
Gunnait!

He gets rapidly into the cab.

JOE
(Bitterly, to driver)
Sweet dreams!

The cab drives rapidly off. The Princess is staring at the policeman in his white uniform.

PRINCESS
(Graciously, to policeman)
I am delighted, Admiral, to declare this beautiful ship open.

C-7 (Cont'd)

POLICEMAN
(Who hasn't understood a word, to Joe)
Americana?

JOE
Si. Grazie. Buona notte.

The Princess regally extends her hand to the policeman to be kissed. The policeman looks dubiously at it. He looks at Joe. Then, as if moved by a force which he cannot control, kisses her hand. He looks at Joe again as if to say "What could I do?"

POLICEMAN
(As he does so)
Turista?

JOE
(With a grin)
Si. Si. Turista.

POLICEMAN
(Smiling)
Buona notte...

Joe, taking the Princess by the arm, conducts her into the apartment house.

C-8 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COURTYARD - (NIGHT)

Joe leads the Princess in through a tunnel and starts up the stairs which wind through the courtyard. He still holds the Princess by her arm to steady her.

PRINCESS
(Suddenly)
Is it all right if I sing?

JOE
No singing.

PRINCESS
But I feel like singing.

JOE
(As they climb)
Fight it.

The Princess stops on a landing and, looking out over the courtyard, sings a little trill.

C-8 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Putting his hand over her mouth)
Shut up. You'll wake everybody.

From the courtyard a voice answers, continuing the trill. It is a man's voice.

PRINCESS
(Delightedly, as she hears it)
Echo!

She trills again, and from the courtyard the man's voice comes again.

JOE
(Leading her towards and up another flight, irked)
Now you've done it. You woke up the tenor.

As they go up the tenor's voice continues with an air from an opera (for example, "L'ora e fuggita! Io Muoio disperato!" 3rd Act, Tosca).

C-9 ANOTHER SECTION OF THE STAIRWAY

Overhanging foliage casts eerie shadows. Joe comes up, supporting the Princess. Suddenly, off to one side, an invisible dog barks off screen.

JOE
(In the direction of the bark)
Va benne, Cesare...Sono io...
(That's all right, Cesare...
It's only me...)

As they cross a small landing we see in the shadows a dog lying in front of a closed doorway.

JOE
(As they continue on)
He's waiting up for Luigi - plays at one of the cafes.

They climb on upwards past an artist's studio which is in darkness.

Suddenly from inside the studio there is a female wail followed by a torrent of frantic and agitated Spanish.

C-9 (Cont'd)

WOMAN'S VOICE
(In Spanish)
You go away - back to where you came from! You leave me alone!

The Princess looks confusedly in the direction of the voice.

JOE
(Reassuringly, as they continue)
Nothing to be afraid of. It's the Spanish painter's wife having her nightmare. The Devil comes to her every night to take her away with him.

They continue on to the landing which leads to Joe's apartment. From below, a little more distantly, the woman's voice comes again, this time in a tone of triumphant defiance.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(In Spanish)
...and you never come back or I set my husband on you!

JOE
(With a smile)
She beat him to it again.

They reach the door of Joe's apartment. Joe opens the door with a key, turns on the light and pushes the Princess inside.

C-10 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - (NIGHT)

It is small, with one window, a couch, a bed, a table on which stands a typewriter, and a chair beside it. Books are stacked on the floor against another wall. A few feet of the wall are curtained off as a closet, and doors lead to a bathroom and a tiny kitchen. Double windows, at present closed and shuttered, lead out on to a small sun-terrace.

The Princess comes in, followed by Joe, who closes the door behind him. She looks into the little room and stands motionless, if a little unsteadily.

PRINCESS
Is this the elevator?

C-10 (Cont'd)

JOE
It's what is laughingly known as my apartment.

The Princess stares confusedly at the window as he open it, leaving the shutters down.

PRINCESS
You brought me to your apartment?

JOE
Where did you think I was taking you?

PRINCESS
I didn't know.

Dizziness overcomes her again and she starts to subside very suddenly. Joe manages to put the small chair under her just in time.

PRINCESS
(Smiles at him apologetically)
I'm terribly sorry to mention it, but the dizziness is getting worse. Could I - sleep here, please?

JOE
That's the general idea.

PRINCESS
Could I have a silk nightgown with rosebuds on it?

JOE
(Removing a pair of pajamas from a bureau drawer)
I'm afraid you'll have to rough it tonight - in these.

He turns with the pajamas. The Princess stares at them.

PRINCESS
(Gazing wide-eyed)
Pajamas!

JOE
(Mistaking her reaction)
Sorry, honey - but I haven't worn a nightgown in years.

He gives her the pajamas.

C-10 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Accepting the pajamas)
Thank you.
(Then, as she might speak to her maid)
Will you help me get undressed, please.

JOE
(Looks at her)
Okay.
(Takes off her jacket)
There you are. You can handle the rest yourself.

The Princess starts to take off her blouse. Her arms get stuck in it. She sways dizzily. Joe holds her steady and finishes taking the blouse off. The Princess stands in her white slip and skirt, smiling at him.

PRINCESS
I'm very thirsty. Could I have a drink, please? A glass of milk.
(He remains motionless and staring at her)
Oh, never mind if you haven't got it. It's just a habit - milk and crackers before - retiring.

She sits down on the bed and removes her shoes, speaking as she does.

PRINCESS
This is very unusual for me - being in a man's room, like this. I've never been alone with a man before, even with my dress on. With my dress off, it is most unusual. But I don't seem to mind. Do you?

Joe has gone to a table and poured himself a glass of wine out of a wine bottle. She sees him drinking.

PRINCESS
May I have some?

JOE
No. I'm going out for a cup of coffee. You get to bed while I'm gone. And be sure it's <u>this</u> one.

Points again to couch for emphasis.

C-10 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Toppling off again)
So terribly nice...

JOE
Hey! Did you hear me?

PRINCESS
(Eyes closed)
Em-hmmmmmm...

Joe considers the situation briefly, goes into the bathroom, soaks a towel in cold water, wrings it out only slightly, returns to the girl and begins washing her face vigorously.

PRINCESS
(Wakening, sputtering)
Oh! Please don't! That's cold!

JOE
(With satisfaction)
It's meant to be. Now - these are pajamas. They're to sleep in. You're to crawl into them. Understand?

PRINCESS
Thank you so much...

JOE
Then you do your sleeping on the couch. Not in the chair and not in the bed. Is that clear?

PRINCESS
Do you know what my favorite poem is?

JOE
(Not unkindly)
You already recited it.

He takes one of the pillows from the bed and moves to put it on the couch for her.

PRINCESS
(Reciting)
"Ariadne arose
From her couch in the snows
In the Akrakaronian mountains."
Keats. Do you like it?

C-10 (Cont'd)

JOE
Just keep your mind off the poetry and on the pajamas and you'll be all right. I'll be back in ten minutes.

PRINCESS
You have my permission to withdraw.

He goes to the landing and closes the door behind him.

The Princess stares at the closed door a moment, then she looks at the pajamas. She sighs happily and starts to get into the jacket. As she does so she is obliged to pause for a prodigious yawn.

DISSOLVE:

C-11 INT. PRINCESS' BEDROOM - EMBASSY - (NIGHT)

The single light is still on. The door of the adjoinin room gently opens and the Countess Vereberg, a robe over her nightgown, peers in and looks toward the bed.

She gives a gasp of dismay as she sees it is unoccupied and hurries into the room, snapping on the lights.

COUNTESS
(As she does so)
Your Highness!

She darts towards the dressing room and bathroom, looki into each of them.

COUNTESS
(As she does so, agitatedly)
Anne! Where are you?

She goes past the balcony, goes out on it and looks along it in either direction, then back into the room again with growing alarm.

She pulls back the sheets of the bed as if she were looking for signs of violence.

COUNTESS
(Calling, almost hysterical)
Anne! Where are you?

Panting, she kneels down to look under the bed.

C-11 (Cont'd)

COUNTESS
(As she does so)
You can't be there....
(Hopefully)
Are you?

She looks under the bed, without success. She rises and starts towards the exit door, throws open the doors of one or two closets, then starts wildly out of the room.

DISSOLVE:

C-12 INT. AMBASSADOR'S STUDY - EMBASSY - (NIGHT)

The Ambassador in night clothes and robe is the center of a dishevelled group. It includes the General, the weeping Countess, Dr. Bonnachhoven, and two officers.

GENERAL
(Tensely to the weeping Countess)
I tell you she has not been abducted. She is hiding. You remember her cousin, ten years ago. Prince Arthur. He hid in a rathskeller for a week.

COUNTESS
(Weeping)
Why should she hide?

GENERAL
It runs in the family. An anti-royalty complex.

Embassy officials enter.

1ST OFFICER
No trace.

AMBASSADOR
Did you look in the cellars?

OFFICER
Went over every inch.

AMBASSADOR
You are on your honor not to speak to anyone until we have received instructions. I must remind you that the Princess is direct heir to the throne. This matter must be

C-12 (Cont'd)

AMBASSADOR (Cont'd)
classified top crisis secret! Do I have your pledge?
(A murmur of assent)
Very well. And now we must notify His Highness, her father.

The Ambassador straightens himself bravely, and exits followed by General Marmont.

DISSOLVE:

C-13 INT. EMBASSY CODE ROOM - (NIGHT)

The Ambassador, at a little table, is hastily writing with pencil on paper. The General feeds the copy to the code officer. The code officer types it directly into the mixing mechanism, which issues a busy sound resembling that of a linotype machine. No one speaks.

C-14 SKY - AND RADIO TOWER

The stars are growing faint with the first hints of dawn. Over scene we get the steady beep-beep of radio signals being sent into the ether.

DISSOLVE:

C-15 EXT. VAST SQUARE - (NIGHT) - TOWARD A PALACE

The sound of the radio signals comes steadily, insistently over the scene. All we can make out of the palace is a vast dark hulk, the faint figures of two guards slowly parading before its front gates. Then a tiny light flashes on at the very top of the palace. Two more are turned on. The lights spread through the palace like a rumor in the wind. Whole wings, now whole floors, light up, until the entire vast structure is ablaze. Radio signals continue.

DISSOLVE:

C-16 INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

The Princess is asleep on the sofa, the cover only partly over her, leaving exposed her bare feet. She has no pillow. The lights are still on. The door opens and Joe enters. He looks at her, moves over,

C-16 (Cont'd)

pulls the cover over her feet. She is breathing deeply, peacefully. He shrugs, turns away.

C-17 ANOTHER ANGLE

Joe sees her clothes in a heap on the floor. With a grimace of disgust, he stoops, starts scooping them onto the chair.

JOE
(To himself)
Sloppy.

He goes over to his bed, lays the newspapers on the bedside table, snaps on the bedside lamp. Then he crosses, snaps out the other lights. He opens a closet door beside his bed, picks his pajamas off a hook, and starts to undress.

DISSOLVE:

END OF SEQUENCE "C"

SEQUENCE "D"

D-1 EXT. JANICULUM - (DAY)

The cannon that sounds midday is carried out into the square. The man in charge of the cannon keeps his eyes fixed on a chronometer. The moment the hands reach noon, the man gives the signal, and the cannon is fired.

D-2 thru D-5 EXT. VARIOUS DOMES AND BELLTOWERS OF ROME - (DAY)

The bells of all the churches begin to ring, while the echo of the cannon shot lasts, and the noon sirens go off.

D-6 EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

The sound of the sirens and the bells are heard outside Joe's window.

D-7 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - (DAY) - THE PRINCESS SLEEPING

A noonday beam of sunlight angling through the closed shutters bothers her. In her sleep she rolls over to avoid it. We follow the beam across the room to where it is bothering Joe. In his sleep he tries to avoid it, then opens an eye and scowls at it. He turns to go back to sleep, then something about the angle of the beam bothers him. He looks toward the window, then with a start, at the sleeping Princess he had forgotten until this moment. He hears the chiming clocks outside. Now he reaches on the floor beside him, and brings up his alarm clock. It says seven o'clock. He looks at the window again, listens to the clock, shakes it, then disgustedly starts to wind it. In horror he leaps out of bed and sticks his head out the window.

D-8 EXT. CHURCH TOWER - SEEN ACROSS ROOF TOPS

The clock shows twelve and is booming funereally.

D-9 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT

He pulls his head back inside.

D-9 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Muttering disgustedly)
Holy smoke! The Princess interview...
(Trying to remember the details)
Eleven forty-five...Embassy...

The Princess, deep in sleep, reacts slightly to the details of the time and place of the interview by mumbling "no, no". But she slumbers soundly on.

During this, Joe sets his alarm clock to noon and finishes winding it, bangs it down on the table.

Joe picks up a towel and some shaving implements and hurries into the bathroom, banging the door after him.

DISSOLVE:

D-10 INT. OFFICE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - (DAY)

The Ambassador, dressed in black, accompanied by two officials also dressed in dark suits, enters the room of a high police official. An Italian police guard in uniform salutes and closes the door behind the diplomats.

The high official of the Italian police, in civilian clothes, comes towards the Ambassador smiling cordially.

POLICE OFFICIAL
Excellency! I am sorry that you have bothered to come here. Please sit down...

He shakes hands with the Ambassador and the two secretaries.

POLICE OFFICIAL
(His English is excellent)
Please excuse my bad English..,

The Ambassador has seated himself in a chair. The two secretaries remain standing behind him like two guardian angels. All three wear an expression of desperate anguish.

POLICE OFFICIAL
(Gravely)
How can I help you?

D-10 (Cont'd)

AMBASSADOR
(In a disturbed voice)
I come in the name of my Sovereign to ask your help in a matter of the utmost gravity.

POLICE OFFICIAL
I am at your disposition...

AMBASSADOR
(After considerable effort)
The Crown Princess has disappeared.

The police official looks in alarm at the Ambassador. The Ambassador makes a gesture of desperation.

AMBASSADOR (Cont'd)
Disappeared. The last person who saw her was the Countess Vereberg at two this morning. Her Royal Highness was in bed.

POLICE OFFICIAL
Has Your Excellency given orders that no one is to leave the Embassy before being interrogated?

The Ambassador nods sadly. The police official presses a buzzer on his desk.

AMBASSADOR
(Rising, to interrupt him)
His Majesty, our Sovereign, whom I had the honor of telephoning half an hour ago asks you to act with the greatest secrecy. For us, it is imperative that this news does not get out. It is necessary therefore, to avoid interrogations, or any action that might arouse suspicion. According to our official communique the Princess is indisposed...

The police official sits down. He waves away the guard who has entered the office. The guard goes out, closing the door.

D-10 (Cont'd)

POLICE OFFICIAL
I understand perfectly, Excellency. On the other hand, if we are to help you it will be necessary to interrogate, search, stop suspected compatriots of yours who might have an interest in...

The Ambassador shakes his head sadly.

AMBASSADOR
I know. But we must do everything without doing anything.

The police official looks at the Ambassador in consternation.

DISSOLVE:

D-11 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Joe comes out of his bathroom completely dressed. He is in a great hurry. He starts out of the apartment when he remembers the sleeping Princess. He looks at her. She is sleeping with her face half-covered by her hair. Joe sees a bottle of wine on the table. He takes it, corks it, and hides it under his bed. Then he dashes out. The door slams behind him. The Princess turns over and goes on sleeping.

D-12 EXT. VIA MARGUTTA - AT THE ENTRANCE TO JOE'S APARTMENT HOUSE - (DAY)

The road is full of sunshine and people. Joe looks around him, sees a free taxi. He signals to it, and it starts up. The porter, Giovanni, is seated in the arch of the doorway reading a paper.

GIOVANNI
'n giorno, signor Bradley.
('morning, Mr. Bradley.)

JOE
'n giorno, Giovanni.
('morning, Giovanni.)

Joe gets in the taxi, which takes off down the street.

DISSOLVE:

D-13 EXT. A.N.S. OFFICES - (DAY)

The shot starts on the window, which is open. Here we read:

AMERICAN NEWS SERVICE

All the news...All the time.

The camera comes down from the upper part of the window to James Hennessy, who looks and dresses like the local head of an American news service. At the moment Mr. Hennessy is peering evilly into the streets below him.

D-14 EXT. STREET - HIGH ANGLE DOWN

Joe is just getting out of the taxicab in the busy street. He pays the driver and looks up anxiously.

D-15 EXT. WINDOW - HENNESSY

He pulls back quickly, not to be seen snooping, then looks at his watch.

DISSOLVE:

D-16 INT. OUTER A.N.S. OFFICE - (DAY)

Past the secretary we see the door with the lettering backwards. A large clock is hung beside it. Through this door comes Joe, looking as businesslike as possible. He has obviously taken the steps two at a time.

SECRETARY
Morning, Joe. Mr. Hennessy has been wondering where you were.

JOE
(Taking a quick look at the clock)
Oh!

Now he straightens his tie, throws back his shoulders, takes a deep breath, assumes an important scowl and disappears out of the shot, which remains on the secretary. We hear a knock on the door.

HENNESSY'S VOICE
(Roaring)
COME IN!

D-16 (Cont'd)

The secretary turns and looks toward the inner door with alarm.

D-17 INT. HENNESSY'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Joe stands in the open door.

JOE
You wanted to see me?

D-18 HENNESSY PAST JOE

He is seated at his desk. (This shot starts with Hennessy alone...Joe comes into it). There are several morning papers on the desk, all of which feature large photos of the Princess. Joe doesn't notice them. At the moment, Hennessy is his main consideration.

HENNESSY
(Purring falsely)
Just coming to work?

JOE
Who me?

HENNESSY
We start our days at eight-thirty in this office...We pick up our assignments and...

JOE
I picked it up last night.

HENNESSY
What assignment was that?

JOE
The Princess...eleven forty-five...

HENNESSY
(Smiling like a tiger)
Oh, you've already been to the interview!

JOE
Just came from there.

HENNESSY
(Rising and soaping his hands)
Well, well, well...all my apologies.

D-18 (Cont'd)

HENNESSY (Cont'd)
(He comes around his desk and looks fondly at Joe)
This is very interesting...

JOE
Just routine.

HENNESSY
(With exaggerated amiability)
Oh just routine...And you asked all the questions on the list?

JOE
(Feeling in his pocket)
Oh sure...I've got 'em here some place.

HENNESSY
(Picking up a paper)
Don't disturb yourself...I have a copy.
(Then consulting it)
How did Her Highness react to the recent Western European union?

JOE
(With great frankness)
She thought it was fine.

HENNESSY
She did?...

JOE
Yes - that is if too much pressure wasn't exerted from the East.

HENNESSY
(Greatly impressed)
Well, well, well...that was a shrewd observation! They fool you, you know, these royal kids...they've got a lot more on the ball than we suspect... How did she feel the Marshall Plan would affect the European economies with special reference to the new tax barriers?

JOE
(Brazenly)
Well she thought there would be <u>two</u> effects...the direct...and the indirect.

D-18 (Cont'd)

HENNESSY
(Looking at him in wonder)
Aha!

JOE
Naturally the indirect, she thought would not be as direct as the direct ...that is not right away...Later, of course...nobody knows.

HENNESSY
Remarkable...By the way what was she wearing?

JOE
(Mopping his head)
Oh, you mean what she had on...

HENNESSY
That's usually what it means...Is it a little warm in here for you?

JOE
No, no...It's just that I hurried over here...

HENNESSY
Naturally, with a story of these dimensions...Did you say she was dressed in grey?

JOE
No, I didn't say that.

HENNESSY
Well, she usually wears grey...

JOE
Well - a - uh...it was kind of a grey.

HENNESSY
I think I know the dress...It has a gold collar around the neck.

JOE
That's right...I didn't know just exactly how to describe it, but...

HENNESSY
I think you described it very well...
(He now becomes violent)
...in view of the fact that Her Royal Highness was taken violently ill at three o'clock this morning...put to bed with a high fever...and has all

D-18 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Stupefied)
In toto...

HENNESSY
Yes, Mr. Bradley, in toto!

JOE
Well that's certainly pretty hard to swallow...

HENNESSY
In view of the fact you just left her... of course! But here it is, Mr. Bradley, all over the front page of every newspaper in Rome,
(He takes one off his desk and shoves it in Joe's hand)

JOE
O.K. - so I overslept...It could happen to anybody.
(He looks down annoyed at the newspaper in his hand)

HENNESSY
If you ever got up early enough to read a morning paper, it might inform you of occasional little news events, little items of general interest, that might prevent you in the future from getting enmeshed in quite such a gold-plated, triple-decked, star-spangled lie as you have just told me.

During this lecture, Joe starts to look out the window, then slowly looks back at the picture in the newspaper. He frowns a little.

D-19 INSERT: THE FRONT PAGE OF THE ROMAN NEWSPAPER

It is held in Joe's hands. The picture of the indisposed Princess is right in the middle.

HENNESSY'S VOICE
(Continuing)
You would-be authors are all alike. You aren't a newspaper man...you never were a newspaper man...you never will be one.

D-19 (Cont'd)

During this scene a big head of Joe is DISSOLVED THROUGH the newspaper, which fades out leaving him alone and astonished.

HENNESSY'S VOICE
If I were you I'd try some other line of business...like mattress testing or...or...

JOE
(This is, of course, the big head. He looks up slowly from the paper)
Is this...the Princess?

D-20 JOE AND HENNESSY - IN THE OFFICE

HENNESSY
(Bitterly)
Yes, Mr. Bradley! That is the Princess! It isn't Annie Oakley, Madam Roosevelt, or Ruth Judd, the trunk murderess! Take a good look at her! You might be interviewing her again some day... Now are there any further questions?

JOE
Am I fired?

HENNESSY
No, you're not fired. You're bawled out, that's what you are. When I want to fire you, you won't have to ask, you'll know you're fired.

JOE
(Suddenly realizes the Princess may have awakened and left the apartment)
Excuse me, Chief!

He goes out the door abruptly.

Hennessy watches with great amazement.

HENNESSY
The man's mad.

A secretary comes in with a sheaf of papers, and Hennessey sits at his desk studying them.

D-21 INT. A.N.S. OFFICE - JOE AT PHONE

He waits impatiently. Finally he gets an answer.

JOE
Hello, hello - Giovanni this is Joe Bradley - Now listen carefully
(Looks around, then as confidentially as possible)
I want you to hurry up to my place and see if there's somebody there - asleep...

D-22 JOE'S APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - (DAY)

Giovanni, the ancient porter of the building is listening intently to the phone.

GIOVANNI
Si. Capisco.
(Smiles)
A girl. Aha! Si, Mr. Joe, I will look. Right away. You wait.

He starts up the stairs at a snail's pace.

DISSOLVE:

D-23 A.N.S. OFFICE - JOE ON PHONE - (DAY)

He is frustrated with impatience, his eyes closed tightly in a frantic appeal to some mystic power to please let the Princess be there.

D-24 JOE'S APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - (DAY)

Giovanni comes down the stairs to the phone.

GIOVANNI
(On phone)
Mister Joe -

D-25 A.N.S. OFFICE - JOE ON PHONE

JOE
(Yells)
Yes!
(Then realizing, almost whispers)
Yes, Yes - tell me!
(Pause - the news he hears floods him with sweet relief)

D-26 JOE'S APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - (DAY)

Giovanni on phone. He thinks he is an agent in a romantic drama and this appeals to him.

GIOVANNI
(Beaming)
...and such a girl! Mmm...
(Frowns)
Yes, Mr. Joe --
(Eyes wide)
A gun! --- No --

D-27 A.N.S. OFFICE - JOE ON PHONE

JOE
(Sternly)
Yes - a gun, knife, anything - But nobody goes in or out. Got that...Okay.

Joe hangs up and heads back to Hennessy's office.

D-28 INT. HENNESSY'S OFFICE - (DAY)

Joe enters. Hennessy doesn't look up from the copy he is reading.

HENNESSY
You still here?

JOE
How much would an interview with this dame be worth?

HENNESSY
Are you referring to Her Highness?

JOE
I am not referring to Annie Oakley, Madam Roosevelt, or -
(Hennessy says it with him)
- Ruth Judd, the trunk murderess.
(Joe alone)
How much?

HENNESSY
(Looks at him in amazement)
What do you care? You've got about as much chance of landing one...

D-28 (Cont'd)

JOE
(With a little edge to his voice)
But if I did land it, what would it be worth?

HENNESSY
You mean exclusive?

JOE
That's right.

HENNESSY
Just a plain talk on world conditions might be worth - two hundred and fifty ...Her views on clothes, of course, would be worth a lot more - maybe a thousand...

JOE
Dollars?

HENNESSY
Yes, Mr. Bradley! That's the kind of money alert newspaper men - the kind that get up in the morning - can make!

JOE
Would this be any good?
(As though thinking aloud)
Exclusive. The private and secret longings of a Princess...her innermost wishes...as told to your Rome correspondent in a private, personal interview.

Hennessy stares open-mouthed, between amazement at his brashness and mounting wrath.

JOE
(Continuing)
Can't use it, huh. I thought so.

He starts out.

HENNESSY
Come here!

Joe starts back to the desk.

NOTE: Page 69 missing from original script.

D-28 (Cont'd)

Joe hesitates. Risking five hundred of his own puts a different light on things. He picks up the paper for another look at the picture of the Princess.

HENNESSY
(Watching him curiously)
What are you looking at that for?

JOE
(Nervously)
Oh - just wanted to see what day it is.
(Still not completely certain the girl in his bed is the Princess)
It's a deal.

HENNESSY
Now I want you to shake.

They shake hands again.

HENNESSY
(Computing)
Let's see, you're into me for about five hundred now...When you lose this bet you'll owe me a thousand.
(Chuckles)
Why you poor sucker, I'll practically own you.

JOE
You have practically owned me for four years now. (Shakes head)
I've been so in hock to you in salary advances that I couldn't quit. And wouldn't have had boat money home if I had.
(With intensity)
I've been your creature -- forced to look at your ugly puss every morning, and obey your orders!
(Shakes head)
That's over. I'm going to win that money, Chief, because it means freedom and no more capering for you!

Hennessy's response is a nasty laugh.

HENNESSY
Go on. Go on. I love to hear you whine.

D-28 (Cont'd)

JOE
I'll remember you. And when I'm in New York, I'll enjoy thinking of you -- here with an empty leash in your hands, and nobody to twitch for you.

He starts out with the newspaper.

HENNESSY
Joe...

Joe pauses.

HENNESSY (Cont'd)
So long, Pigeon.

He exits. Hennessy frowns for a thoughtful moment, then dismisses the possibility from his mind entirely as he gets to more important work.

D-29 INT. OUTER A.N.S. OFFICE

On his way out, Joe stops at the secretary's desk.

JOE
Honey - get hold of Irving and shoot him over to my place right away -- with his camera!

SECRETARY
Do you know where he is?

JOE
He's either home -- or in one of the two thousand bars in Rome.

SECRETARY
That's a big help.

JOE
See you.

He hurries out, while the secretary picks up the phone and starts to dial.

DISSOLVE TO:

D-30 EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Giovanni, the porter, sits on guard in front of Joe's door. An antique Italian blunderbuss is across his knees. There are half a dozen small children staring at him in great wonder. He stiffens his vigilant pose as he hears footsteps on the stairs. When he sees Joe coming up he stands proudly.

D-30 (Cont'd)

JOE
Everything okay, Giovanni?

GIOVANNI
Si, Signor Joe. Nobody she's-a come. Absolutely nobody.

JOE
Swell. Thanks a lot.

Giovanni gets up. Joe starts cautiously to unlock the door, thinks of something and turns back to Giovanni, who is watching filled with curiosity.

JOE
(With great affection)
Giovanni. Amichetto!

Giovanni nervously retreats a step.

JOE
How would you like to make some money?

GIOVANNI
(Fervently)
Hah! How would I like-a to be eighteen years old again?

JOE
That's the spirit. Look, I've got a sure thing. Double your money back in two days.

GIOVANNI
Double my money?

JOE
Yeah: You see, I need a little investment capital to swing the deal. Now if you'll lend me a little cash, I'll...

GIOVANNI
(Interrupting, in disbelief)
He's two months behind in the rent and he wants-a me to lend him money.
(To Joe)
No, positivamento! No.

Joe scowls at him.

D-30 (Cont'd)

JOE
Giovanni, you lack vision.

Joe turns back to the door, opens it a crack and peeps in. Giovanni hangs in back of him trying to peer over his shoulder into the room.

JOE
(Sternly)
This will be all, Giovanni.

He enters his apartment and closes the door quietly, taking care that neither Giovanni nor the watching children can see inside.

ONE OF THE SMALL BOYS
(With an eloquent shrug)
Che misterio!
(What a mystery!)

GIOVANNI
(Staring at the door)
Si.

D-31 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - (DAY)

Joe is locking the door. The curtains are drawn, leaving the room in semi-darkness. Joe walks over to the couch, looks down. He is still carrying the Italian morning papers from Hennessey's office.

The Princess is still sleeping, her features peaceful, every aspect one of complete and luxurious relaxation. He stands off, cocks his head, looks at the sleeping girl. There is a similarity. He looks back at the picture, frowns. Then he bends over the Princess, tak her hair and arranges it in rough version of the hair-do depicted in the newspaper shot. He looks at it critically, looks back at the picture. The girl on th couch and the Princess in the newspaper seem to be identical.

JOE
(Ecstatically to himself)
What a story!

Suddenly he hears the sound of sirens, faint at first, but approaching rapidly. They come not from one, but from several cars. Joe, looking somewhat apprehensive goes over the window, pulls the curtain aside, looks down into the street.

D-32 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM WINDOW DOWN TO STREET

Three police cars are shrieking toward the house.

D-33 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT

Joe is really alarmed. It looks as if they are bearing down on him.

The sound of the sirens reaches its peak. The Princess stirs sleepily, but does not open her eyes. The sound of the sirens diminishes.

Joe takes a deep breath, leaves the window and, dropping the paper on his bed, goes to the couch and pulls a chair close to the Princess.

JOE
(Tentatively)
Your Highness...

PRINCESS
(A slight mumble)

JOE
(Softly)
Your Royal Highness...

PRINCESS
(Sound asleep)
Yes, what is it?

This is proof positive. Joe clasps his hands, closes his eyes, and offers up thanks.

PRINCESS
(Eyes still closed)
Dear Dr. Bonnachhoven...

JOE
(Startled)
Oh, sure -
(As Doctorishly as possible)
There - you're fine...you're much better now, Ma'am. Is there anything you want?

PRINCESS
(Still asleep)
Oh, so many things. So...many...

JOE
(Soothingly)
Yes? Tell the doctor...tell the good doctor everything.

(Continued)

D-33 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Very lazy and haltingly)
I dreamt and I dreamt...

JOE
What did you dream?

PRINCESS
I dreamt I was in a little park and a young man came - he was tall and strong - and he was so mean to me.

JOE
He was?

PRINCESS
Yes...it was wonderful.

The Princess begins to open her eyes and stares at Joe.

JOE
Good morning.

The Princess looks at him blankly, then all around the room - floor, walls and ceiling, before replying.

PRINCESS
Where's Dr. Bonnachhoven?

JOE
I'm sorry I don't know anybody by that name.

PRINCESS
(Frowning slightly)
Wasn't I talking to him just now?

JOE
I'm afraid not.

PRINCESS
(Suddenly frightened)
Have I had an accident?

JOE
(With a reassuring smile)
No.

PRINCESS
Is it safe for me to sit up?

D-33 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Offering his hand)
Perfectly.

He helps her to a sitting position.

PRINCESS
Thank you very much.
(She studies him)
Then the park was not a dream?
(Joe nods - no)

The Princess now becomes conscious of the fact she is wearing pajamas. She holds the pajama jacket out from her and inspects it. She is quite startled.

PRINCESS
Are these yours?
(Joe nods - yes)

Suddenly an alarming thought appalls her and she feels down under the covers. An expression of relief appears on her face as she discovers that she has the pajamas on in toto.

JOE
You lose something?

PRINCESS
(Hastily)
No... Would you be so kind as to tell me where I am?

JOE
You are in what is laughingly known as my apartment.

PRINCESS
Did you bring me here by force?

JOE
(With rueful memories of the previous night)
Quite the contrary.

PRINCESS
And...and I have been here all night...alone?

JOE
If you don't count me, yes.

PRINCESS
I have spent the night with you here?

D-33 (Cont'd)

JOE
Well, I'm not sure I'd use exactly those words, but I suppose from a certain angle - yes.

PRINCESS
(Beaming and extending her hand)
How do you do?

JOE
(Taking her hand)
How do you do?

PRINCESS
(Thoroughly at ease)
And you are...Mr....?

JOE
Bradley - Joe Bradley.

PRINCESS
(Graciously)
Delighted...

JOE
(Sincerely)
You don't know how delighted I am to meet you.

PRINCESS
You may sit down.

JOE
Thank you very much.

He complies smiling at her reassuringly and adopting a manner calculated to keep her as relaxed as possible and to give her no suspicion that he may have suspected her identity.

JOE
What's your name, honey?

A look of caution immediately appears in the Princess' eye.

PRINCESS
I didn't tell you last night?

JOE
No.

The Princess looks relieved.

D-33 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(After a moment)
You may call me Anya.

JOE
Thank you - Anya.

PRINCESS
(Thoughtfully)
Now since the park was not a dream, may I assume that is where we met?

JOE
You may. On a bench.

PRINCESS
I see. Do I also remember a taxi?

JOE
You do.

PRINCESS
In which you brought me here?

JOE
In which I drove you around for quite a while, including a little side trip to the Via Milano - some kind of a palazzo you thought you lived in - but it turned out you were mistaken, because they wouldn't let you in.

PRINCESS
(Astonished and amused)
They wouldn't let me in.

JOE
They were very firm about it.
(With an air of finality)
Must have been the wrong address.

PRINCESS
(Frowns at a new thought)
Mr. Bradley, did I...talk much last night.

JOE
You told me nothing but lies. But I didn't mind. The lie is the first sign of human intelligence.

D-33 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
That's from Goethe, isn't it?

JOE
No -- Bradley. Would you like some coffee.

PRINCESS
What time is it?

JOE
About 1:30.

PRINCESS
(Startled)
1:30! I've never slept so late in my life! I must get dressed and go...

JOE
(Fetching his robe for her)
What's your hurry - there's plenty of time.

PRINCESS
(As he helps her into the robe)
Oh no there isn't - and I've been trouble enough to you...

JOE
(Smiling to himself)
Trouble? You're not what I call trouble.

PRINCESS
(Happily)
I'm not?

JOE
I'll run a bath for you.

He goes into the bathroom.

D-34 INT. BATHROOM - (DAY)

Joe is getting a towel and soap ready for her bath. He turns on the bath water.

D-35 INT. LIVING ROOM

The Princess is moving towards the bathroom door when she sees, lying on the bed, the newspaper with the story of her indisposition, together with a photograph of herself. She takes it up and looks at it.

Suddenly she realizes that Joe is coming in from the bathroom. She hastily folds the paper across and flips it on to a low stool in an unobtrusive part of the room. Then she turns hastily to pick up her skirt, blouse and slip as Joe comes from the bathroom. She smiles at him and goes into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Joe stares at the closed door a moment, looks at his telephone, back at the bathroom door - then he dashes for the door to the landing. He is about to go out when he catches sight of the newspaper on the stool. A look of alarm appears on his face. He hastily picks it up, looks around for somewhere to hide it - stuffs it in his pocket and hurries out to the landing.

D-36 INT. LANDING

Joe comes out of his apartment. He carefully locks the apartment door with one hand as he rings the doorbell of a neighboring apartment with the other.

The door of the neighboring apartment opens and a young Italian appears in the doorway. He has a small beard and is wearing the sort of clothes in which a sculptor does his daily work. He has a sculptor's hammer in one hand. He looks hot and dishevelled and has obviously been disturbed in the middle of something. But his expression is not bad-tempered.

JOE
(In an excited mixture of English and Italian)
Posso telefonare...
(May I telephone?)
(Gesturing)
Mine...out of order...Solo un momento...

The sculptor barely has time to nod before Joe is hurrying past him.

D-37 INT. SCULPTOR'S STUDIO - (DAY)

The place is in a typical kind of disorder. Dominating the center of the room is a shapeless mass of masonry on which the sculptor is working. Joe looks around, see the telephone on the wall and hurries towards it.

D-37 (Cont'd)

The sculptor, following him back in, stands looking contemplatively at his work.

SCULPTOR
(Nodding towards the masonry)
You like her?

JOE
Never saw anything like it.

He endeavors an admiring smile at the same time as he starts to dial.

D-38 INT. LANDING - (DAY)

Luisa, Giovanni's wife, comes towards the door of Joe's apartment with cleaning materials. She gives a perfunctory knock at Joe's door and makes to open it. She is surprised when she finds it locked. However, she has a number of keys on a ring. She selects one and lets herself in. She leaves the door slightly ajar.

D-39 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - (DAY)

Luisa comes in. She looks around in disgust at the disorder in the room, and bends down to pick up the towel which Joe had left near the couch the night before. Ther are smears of lipstick on it. Luisa looks at them angrily, then goes towards the bathroom and opens the door to go in.

D-40 INT. BATHROOM

The Princess, who has evidently just got out of the bath and is still wet, is looking startled as the door opens. She has a big bath towel clutched right around her almo up to her eyes. Luisa, too, is surprised to find the bathroom occupied and now connecting its occupant with the towel she is carrying, a look of angry disapproval appears on her face.

LUISA
(Angrily waving the towel at the Princess and showing the lipstick smears)
Sono io che lavo gli asciugamani!
(It's me that washes these towels!)

PRINCESS
(A little taken aback by her tone)
I beg your pardon?

B-4 (Cont'd)

LUISA
(Still gesticulating with a towel)
I wash him! Capito?
(Indicating the big bath towel)
Him too I wash.

She takes a tug at the towel the Princess is clutching. The Princess keeps hold of it agitatedly.

LUISA
(Looking at her scornfully)
Bella vita, eh?
(It's an easy life, eh?)

PRINCESS
(Nervously)
Thank you very much.

She indicates that she wants to close the bathroom door. Luisa tosses her head and flinging the small towel on the rail, goes back into the living room.

D-41 INT. LIVING ROOM

The Princess closes the bathroom door.

LUISA
(Lets loose a flow of sarcastic Italian)
The lives some people lead while others work, eh.

She is starting to pull away Joe's bedding. She finds the bottle of wine hidden down behind the head of it and she looks angrily from this to the closed bathroom door.

D-42 INT. SCULPTOR'S STUDIO

Joe is on the telephone. The sculptor has now resumed work on the masonry with his hammer, which doesn't make things any easier.

JOE
(Into telephone, urgently)
Did you find Irving?
(Very loudly and deliberately above the hammering)
Honey, I said did you find Irving?

D-43 INT. OUTER A.N.S. OFFICE - (DAY)

Mr. Hennessy's secretary is speaking to Joe on the telephone.

HENNESSY'S SECRETARY
I called him but he said he didn't want to be disturbed.
(More loudly)
He said he was too busy.

D-44 INT. SCULPTOR'S STUDIO

JOE
(Desperately, into phone)
But did you tell him it was very urgent? Huh? I can't hear you!
(Hopelessly)
Oh never mind...

He hangs up in annoyance and makes towards the door.

JOE
(To sculptor, as he goes)
Mille grazie!
(Indicating the statuary as he passes it)
I may buy it yet!

The sculptor grins, only half-understanding, and Joe hurries on out.

D-45 INT. LANDING

As Joe leaves the sculptor's door and makes for his own He is reaching for his key when to his dismay he sees that the door is slightly ajar. He looks aghast at it and hurries inside.

D-46 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The living room is empty and the bathroom door is open

JOE
(Looking around agitatedly)
Anya!

The kitchen door opens and Joe turns, but it is Luisa who comes out.

D-46 (Cont'd)

LUISA
(Bad-tempered)
Giorno...

JOE
(Urgently)
La signorina...dov'e?
(Where's the signorina?)

LUISA
Che ne so io?
(How should I know?)

JOE
E uscita?
(Did she leave?)

Luisa shrugs. Joe is about to make for the door again when suddenly he sees a shadow on the little sun-terrac He hurries to the double windows and to his vast relief sees the Princess standing out there.

D-47 EXT. SUN TERRACE - (DAY)

The Princess is looking out and down at the life of the courtyard below Joe's apartment. Joe joins her there.

PRINCESS
I've been watching all the people out here. It must be fun to live in a place like this.

JOE
It has its moments...Want me to give you a commentary?

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
I must be going. I only waited to say goodbye.

JOE
Goodbye! We've only just met. How about some breakfast?

PRINCESS
I've no time for that. You've been very kind, Mr. Bradley. Thank you for everything.

She makes to go into the living room.

D-47 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Anxious to detain her)
Must be a pretty important date you have - to go off without even eating.

PRINCESS
It is.

JOE
What could be more important than breakfast?

PRINCESS
(After a moment's hesitation)
I'm afraid I can't tell you.

JOE
Well, which way are you going?

PRINCESS
Why?

JOE
I could go along with you a little - show you the way.

PRINCESS
It's quite all right, thank you. Don't worry about me. I can find... the right place.

She goes into the living room. Joe follows.

D-48 INT. LIVING ROOM

The Princess comes in from the terrace followed by Joe

PRINCESS
I'm afraid I've made you late today yourself.

JOE
Don't worry about me. I'll be getting down to the office now and start work...

PRINCESS
(At door to landing)
Goodbye, Mr. Bradley - and thank you for letting me sleep in your bed.
(Turns to go-then as an afterthought)

D-48 (Cont'd)

JOE
That's all right. Think nothing of it.

PRINCESS
(Shaking hands)
Goodbye.

JOE
Goodbye.

She turns and goes. Joe waits a moment to allow the Princess to get ahead a little, then he goes purposefully after her.

D-49 OUT

D-50 THE PRINCESS

She has nearly reached the courtyard where Giovanni is now idly watering some of the flowers from a kettle. She suddenly thinks of something and stops. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she turns and starts to run back up the stairs.

Joe is just turning down in to the same section of stairway and she bumps right into him. Joe is embarrassed for a split second but immediately recovers:

JOE
Small world!

PRINCESS
(Nodding)
I almost forgot, could you lend me some money?

JOE
(Beginning to feel in his pockets)
That's right - last night you didn't have any.

Joe has been turning out his pockets assembling such notes as he has.

JOE
How much do you want?

PRINCESS
Well - I don't know how much I'll need. How much have you got?

D-50 (Cont'd)

Joe eyes her, then:

JOE
(Thoughtfully)
Suppose we go fifty-fifty.

He carefully divides the money into equal amounts and starts to count some of the notes into her hand.

D-51 GIOVANNI

He watches the transaction with considerable interest, since his rent is unpaid.

D-52 JOE AND PRINCESS

As Joe finishes giving the Princess half the money.

JOE
Here's a thousand lire.

PRINCESS
(Highly impressed
by the amount)
A thousand! Can you really
spare all that?

JOE
It's only a dollar and a half.

Her face falls a little. Then she gives him a grateful smile.

PRINCESS
(With dignity)
I'll make arrangements to send
it back. What's your address?

Joe smiles at the seriousness with which she is treating the transaction.

JOE
Via Margutta 51.

PRINCESS
Via Margutta 51...
(Then smiles)
...Joe Bradley.

He nods. She turns and runs down the stairs into th courtyard. Joe stands there looking after her.

D-53 EXT. COURTYARD

As the Princess passes Giovanni looks at her with an appraising smile.

The Princess disappears in the street. Joe comes across the courtyard in her wake. As soon as Giovanni sees him his expression changes.

GIOVANNI
(In Italian)
Double my money? You tell me how I double my money that way...?

JOE
(Without stopping)
Tomorrow!

He continues on out towards the street.

D-54 EXT. STREET - VIA MARGUTTA

The Princess comes out of Joe's apartment door - looks up and down both sides of the street, taking in all its activity. Doesn't know which way to go - then turns to her left and starts off.

D-55 EXT. STREET - VIA MARGUTTA

Joe emerges from his apartment building, sees the direction she has taken, and follows her.

D-55A PRINCESS

She catches sight of a policeman and goes up to him.

PRINCESS
Per favore - taxi - dove?

POLICEMAN
(In Italian)
At the Piazza di Spagna, Signorina,
(Illustrating with gestures)
First to the right, first to the left, down the Via del Babuino - across the Piazza and over to the end.

[illegible] ly. She looks at him rather blankly.

POLICEMAN
(Smilingly)
[illegible] Piazza di Spagna...

D-55A (Cont'd)

The Princess smiles at him and continues on in the general direction indicated.

D-55B JOE

He has been loitering, pretending to look in a shop window. He now sets off again after the Princess.

DISSOLVE:

D-56 EXT. STREET - (NOT MARGUTTA)

This is a busier street, full of pedestrians and traffic. The Princess is still walking purposefully but now she gradually begins to take notice of the passers by... The window of a shoe-shop attracts her and she lingers momentarily to look at it and then reluctantly moves on again, delightedly absorbing everything.

D-57 PRINCESS

She makes her way through the crowds on the sidewalk drinking in the life around her on every side. Her air is frankly less purposeful now and she pauses once or twice to look at things. She is especially interested in other girls she passes, with their simple but attractive clothes, their bare legs and sandals.

D-58 OUT

D-59 JOE

As he too makes his way through the jostling crowd, keeping the Princess in sight.

D-59A EXT. SIDE STREET - MARKET - (DAY)

One or two stalls almost fill the little side street. The Princess is at one of the stalls which sells shoes and sandals. She is just trying on a pair of sandals. The stout woman stall owner is watching benevolently.

WOMAN SHOE SELLER
Va bene?
(Okay)?

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
Bene.

D-59A (Cont'd)

WOMAN SHOE SELLER
Due mille seicento.
(Holding up fingers)
Two thousand-six hundred.

The Princess hesitates - then offers her her own shoes, which she is holding.

PRINCESS
Bene?

WOMAN SHOE SELLER
Si, si, signorina.
(She produces some money, offering it to the Princess for the difference in value)

The Princess smilingly declines it.

PRINCESS
(Inquiringly)
Piazza di Spagna?

She makes a gesture indicating that she wants to know the way.

WOMAN SHOE SELLER
(Volubly in Italian)
Go back the way you came. When you come to the Via del Babuino, look to your right. You'll see an old man selling nuts...

Like the policeman, she, too, is illustrating with copious gestures. The Princess realizes she'll never understand.

PRINCESS
(Hastily)
Grazie. Grazie...

She turns away.

D-59B EXT. END OF SIDE STREET - (DAY)

Where it joins the larger street.

As the Princess strolls out into the main street and turns along it, Joe suddenly appears from behind a basket stall and moves after her. His expression is a little puzzled.

D-60 EXT. STREET - NEAR BARBER'S

The Princess is walking along, looking down occasionally with pleasure at her sandals and glancing in the shop windows. As she comes past a barbershop, something inside the shop catches her eye.

D-61 INT. BARBER SHOP - (SHOOTING THROUGH PLATE-GLASS WINDOW FROM PRINCESS' EYELINE)

It is a small shop with only three chairs. A man is getting a haircut in one of them, someone is being shaved in another; but in the third chair a young girl has been having her hair cut. A young barber, Corrado, is just taking the apron off her.

D-62 EXT. BARBER SHOP

The Princess looks enviously in at the girl. A tariff of charges is hanging in the doorway of the shop and the Princess moves to study it - trying to decipher the meaning of the various items and compare the charges with the money that Joe has given her. As she does so the young girl passes on out of the shop.

YOUNG GIRL
(As she goes past)
Scusi...

The Princess steps out of the doorway to let her pass, taking in all the details of the girl's haircut as she goes by and off down the street.

D-63 JOE

He is loitering casually a little distance along the street watching the Princess.

D-64 THE PRINCESS

Money in hand, she is hesitating outside the barber's. She half decides to walk on, then suddenly a look of defiant determination appears in her eye. She goes into the shop.

D-65 JOE

He is mystified by the Princess' behavior and starts to walk along cautiously in the direction of the barber shop.

D-66 INT. BARBER SHOP

The Princess is seating herself in the vacant chair.

CORRADO
(As he puts apron round her)
Lei desidera, signorina?
(How would you like it, Signorina?

PRINCESS
(Indicating she can't understand)
I'm sorry...Parlez-vous francais?
(In Turkish, not very hopefully)
...or Turkish?

d-66 (Cont'd)

CORRADO
(Smiling and gesturing towards Princess' hair)
What you like?

PRINCESS
All off - like the girl who just left.

CORRADO
(Smiling)
Oh! Existential cut - teenage - urchin yes?

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
Yes.

D-67 EXT. STREET

Joe is coming as unobtrusively as possible along the street on the opposite side from the barber shop. He pauses as though looking into the window of a shop, the glances cautiously round in the direction of the barber's. He stares as he sees....

D-68 BARBER SHOP - (FROM JOE'S EYELINE)

The Princess seated happily in the chair and Corrado beginning to make drastic cuts in her long hair.

D-69 JOE

He is both intrigued and astonished. He sees a telephone sign outsido a bar next to the shop where he is standing. He hesitates a moment, then plunges into the bar.

D-70 INT. BAR

The telephone is quite near the entrance, but an Itali business man (or some other type) is using it.

BUSINESS MAN
(Ad lib in Italian, on phone)
...well, if he says I'm trying to make fifty thousand lire out of him he's a liar...in any case, look what he did to me last month... well, tell him I'm finished with him. Tell him in the future I shall do my business elsewhere...and tell him to ring me tomorrow.

d-70 (Cont'd)

Joe watches impatiently, glancing back anxiously across the street towards the Barber's.

D-71 INT. BARBER SHOP

Corrado has now removed a good deal of the Princess' hair.

CORRADO
(As he works)
Will be nice without...cool.
(Smiling)
But your friends - I don't think they recognize you.

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
I don't think they will either.

CORRADO
You are artist -- no? Painter?

PRINCESS
No -- I'm not a painter.

CORRADO
Musician? Make the sculpture? Write some books -- no?

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
No.
(With amused apology)
I'm sorry.

CORRADO
All around here are living such people. I think you don't live around here.

PRINCESS
(Looking dreamily ahead of her)
I'd like to.

D-72 INT. BAR

The business man is just slamming down the telephone. As he moves away Joe seizes it, puts in the coin and hurriedly dials a number.

D-73 INT. IRVING'S STUDIO

We see enough of the studio to realize that Irving is a man interested in two things - photography and women. There is photographic equipment everywhere, and on the walls a number of framed artistic photographs of scantily dressed women. One of Irving's models, an exotic-looking blonde, is posed stretched out on imitation fur. Irving, in his shirt-sleeves, has a camera set up on a tripod and is engaged in lighting her to his satisfaction.

The telephone rings and Irving exasperatedly moves to answer it.

IRVING
(Into telephone, exasperatedly)
Pronto...
(He listens for a moment)
Joe, I tell you I can't. I'm just up to my ears in work... Well, what kind of a scoop?

D-74 INT. BAR

Joe on the telephone is keeping an eye on the barber shop across the way.

JOE
(Into telephone)
Irving, I can't talk on the telephone--- One word in the wrong quarter and this whole thing will blow sky high...
(Impatiently)
It's front page stuff, that's all I can tell you - It might be political - or it could be a sensational scandal - I'm not sure yet, but it's a big story and I've got to have pictures. If you come over here fast, there's a shot you'll never get later....

D-75 INT. IRVING'S STUDIO

IRVING
(Into telephone)
All right, all right -- you found Hitler. I can't come. I'm busy now and I'm meeting a girl at Rosati's in half an hour. Sorry.

D-76 INT. BAR

Joe on the telephone with the street in the b.g.

JOE
(Into telephone, keeping one eye on the street)
Listen, Irving, if you don't get these pictures you'll regret it for the rest of your life...

He breaks off as Irving at the other end evidently hangs up on him.

Joe turns away irritatedly. A crocodile of English school girls in Panama hats and blazers comes along the street past the bar. Some of them carry guide books and a good many of them have cameras on straps over their shoulders.

Joe catches sight of them. With a sudden decision he dashes out into the street.

D-77 EXT. STREET

Joe dashes out of the bar but his luck is out. The school girls are boarding a bus. Joe turns away frustrated.

Immediately behind him and next to the bar is a shop with its window full of cameras of every make and description.

Joe looks at the well-stocked window with its price tickets running into thousands of lire, and then ruefully at the 2000 lire which are all he possesses. As he turns resignedly away.

DISSOLVE:

D-78 EXT. CAMERA SHOP - (DAY)

Joe is leaning with his back against the window in a position which suggests he has now been there for some minutes. He is patiently watching the barber sh across the street.

D-79 INT. BARBER'S

Corrado is just completing the Princess' haircut.

CORRADO
You musician, maybe - you artist? ... Painting?... Ah, I know! You modella - model...

PRINCESS
Thank you.

CORRADO
There, now - is very nice without... is cool and - how you say - bellissima!

PRINCESS
Yes, it's just what I wanted.

CORRADO
Now why you not come dancing tonight...

PRINCESS
I'm sorry, I can't...

CORRADO
You should see - is so nice - on a boat on Tevere - you say Tiber - the river by Sant'Angelo. Moonlight - music - romantico! Is very...very! Please you come?

PRINCESS
I wish I could.

Corrado finishes with a flourish.

CORRADO
Ecco - finito!
(Very pleased with himself)
Is perfect! But your friends, I not think they recognize you.
(He takes off the apron)

PRINCESS
(Smiles as she studies herself in mirror)
I don't think so either.

She rises and pays him 400 lire.

CORRADO
(As he shows her to the door)
After nine o'clock I be there - dancing on river - all my friends - if you come you will be most pretty of all girl. I look for you.

D-79 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Shakes hands)
Thank you so much.

CORRADO
Arrivederci.....

She goes out of the shop.

D-80 EXT. BARBER SHOP

As the Princess, now with her short haircut, comes out. She pauses in the doorway to have another look at herself in the small mirror there, then she steps out delightedly into the street and continues to stroll on her way.

D-80A EXT. CAMERA SHOP

Joe sees the Princess leave the shop, and starts cautiously after her.

D-81 EXT. PIAZZA DI SPAGNA - (DAY)

The Princess walks across towards the fountain. She looks around her at the busy scene.

D-81A EXT. PIAZZA DI SPAGNA - (DAY)

Typical glimpses of the street life of Rome - people sitting at the little cafes - scooters flashing past, some of them carrying a whole family - children playing - tourists - priests and monks in their flowing robes and habits - Italian soldiers and sailors, etc.

D-82 JOE

He is some distance away across the Piazza di Spagna, watching her.

D-83 THE PRINCESS

She crosses the steps to look at the flowers displays at the bottom of the steps at Trinita dei Monti. The florist offers her a bouquet of flowers, much like those we saw her accept in the newsreel. The Princess accepts it with a gracious smile.

D-83 (Cont'd)

FLORIST
Facciamo duemila tutti.
(Let's make it 2,000 in all)
Duemila.

The Princess looks at her money, shakes her head, and returns the flowers to the florist.

FLORIST
Mille setteconto.
(Seventeen hundred)

The Princess shakes her head and shows what money she has. The florist makes a face, then he hands a single rose to the Princess and indicates with his hand that he doesn't wany any payment at all. The Princess smile and turns away.

She catches sight of a man selling ice-cream cones. Her face lights up and she goes to buy one.

D-84 JOE

He is watching all this with increasing curiosity.

D-85 THE PRINCESS

Sucking her ice, she wanders on to the steps, where groups of young people are sitting about, and sits dow

Joe strolls casually near her, watching her, and then deliberately goes past in front of her. He makes as if to go right by - then pauses.

JOE
(In apparent surprise)
Why, it's you! Or isn't it?

PRINCESS
(Also a little surprised)
Yes, Mr. Bradley.

JOE
I wasn't sure - I thought maybe you must have had a sister...
(Questioningly)
There's something different about you --
(Studies her)
--- Your hair...

PRINCESS
Yes.

(Continued)

D-85 (Cont'd)

JOE
I'm very observant.

PRINCESS
(Nervously)
Do you like it?

JOE
Very much.

PRINCESS
(Relieved)
It has always been my dearest wish - to cut it. I never had the courage before.

JOE
So that was the mysterious engagement - more important than breakfast.

The Princess glances at him hesitantly, then...

PRINCESS
Mr. Bradley - I have a terrible confession to make.

JOE
Confession?

PRINCESS
Yes. I ran away last night - from school.

JOE
NO...

PRINCESS
(Nods)
Yes, and now I've got to go back.

She glances in direction of taxis waiting on the stand Joe is anxious to detain her.

JOE
(With a sympathetic grin)
I didn't like school very much myself - but I never had the courage to run away. What happened? Trouble with the teacher?

PRINCESS
(Apologetically)
You don't want to hear my tale of woe.

(Continued)

D-85 (Cont'd)

JOE
Why not? Tell your troubles to someone and it makes you feel better. After all, I'm almost an accomplice, aren't I?

The Princess nods with a little smile.

JOE
(Tentatively)
If there was anything you wanted... or someone you wanted to find -- Was it something like that?

PRINCESS
(Cagily)
No - nothing like that.

Joe looks at her and smiles reassuringly.

JOE
Well, you don't run away from school for nothing.

PRINCESS
You don't know what it's like there, Mr. Bradley - it's a dreadful place - where they keep you locked up like a stuffed doll. And make you recite speeches and insist on your becoming an idiot. So I ran away because I wanted to be a human being for just a little while. Is that wrong?

JOE
(Dryly)
It depends on what kind of a human being you have in mind.

PRINCESS
I only meant it to be for an hour or two...then I overslept. They gave me something last night - to make me sleepy.

JOE
Sleeping pills or injection?

PRINCESS
(Puzzled)
Injection.

JOE
I see.

D-85 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
And now I'd better get a taxi.

JOE
Oh - not right away... Why you've only just begun to play hookey...

PRINCESS
(Wistfully)
I know.

JOE
(Persuasively)
Look - Before you go back - why not take a little time for yourself?

PRINCESS
(Tempted)
Well, perhaps another hour...

JOE
An hour! A mere whisper in Eternity. Live dangerously! Take the whole day.

PRINCESS
Oh, no...

JOE
(Nodding)
You've earned it, haven't you - after all that hard work in school?

The Princess looks hesitant.

PRINCESS
They'll be worried about me...

JOE
It'll teach them - to treat you better in future.

PRINCESS
I never thought of it that way.
(The temptation growing stronger)
I could do some of the things I've always wanted.

JOE
(Smiling)
Such as?

PRINCESS
Oh - all sorts of things. You can't imagine..I want to stroll around - just wherever I like...Look in the shop windows and be in all the crowds along the street -- sit at a sidewalk cafe maybe, and have fun and -- walk in the rain and feel it on my face and have an exciting adventure...

D-85 (Cont'd)

Her face lights up with enthusiasm as she speaks. Joe looks at her, listening intently - a little touched in spite of himself at the complete simplicity of all she wants. The Princess sees the expression on his face.

PRINCESS
It doesn't seem so much to you?

JOE
(Half to himself)
It's great -- even better than I...
(Realizing in time)
could imagine.

PRINCESS
It's very nice of you to say that.

JOE
(As though seized by a sudden, carefree impulse)
Tell you something -- why don't we do all those things - together?

PRINCESS
(Gazing at him childlike)
You mean - for the rest of the day? All my dearest wishes?

JOE
(Nodding)
Everything.
(Thinking of his headlines)
Queen for a Day.

PRINCESS
(In some alarm)
Why do you say that?

JOE
(Wishing he hadn't)
It's a radio show we have in America...

PRINCESS
(Relieved)
Oh...

JOE
...where they pretend someone is Queen for one day. All she has to do is wish for something she always wanted and she gets it--

D-85 (Cont'd)

JOE (Cont'd)
(Snaps fingers)
--like that.

PRINCESS
(Ruefully)
Queen for a day.

JOE
Yes...

He rises -- makes to help her to her feet.

PRINCESS
But -- don't you have to work?

JOE
(Gaily)
Work? Who cares about that! This is going to be a holiday...

He takes her arm, to take her off, down the steps. She wants to go - but it seems too good to be true, and she hesitates.

PRINCESS
But you don't really want to do a lot of silly things...

JOE
(Persuasively, as she still looks dubious)
I didn't tell you before -- I'm a part-time genie. I specialize in seeing people get their wishes. All you need to do is read me the list.

PRINCESS
(Laughing)
Oh no -- there are far too many of them.

JOE
All right.
(Glancing at his watch)
First of all, we're going to have wish No. 1 - sidewalk cafe. I know just the right place...

Taking her by the arm, he starts to accompany her down the steps.

D-85 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(A little anxiously)
You're sure you won't get into trouble -- at your business?

JOE
Positive.

He smiles at her reassuringly. She smiles back -- then a look of amusement appears on her face and she chuckles. Joe looks at her inquiringly.

PRINCESS
I was just thinking...what the people at school would say if they knew I'd spent the night in your room.

JOE
Tell you what -- you don't tell your folks and I won't tell mine.

As they go off down the steps together.

DISSOLVE:

D-86 EXT. ROSATI'S CAFE - (DAY)

The cafe is crowded. The shot perhaps includes the name "Rosati" on the cafe building in the b.g. Joe and the Princess are seated at one of the tables.

The Princess has a large plate of ham sandwiches in front of her. She is eating heartily.

PRINCESS
(Smiling at Joe)
You were right - I'm ravenous.

JOE
(Summoning waiter)
Now, what do you want to drink?

PRINCESS
(Promptly)
Champagne, please.

Joe is slightly taken aback and mentally counts the money he has left.

JOE
(To the waiter)
Uno champagne - e un caffe.

D-86 (Cont'd)

The waiter bows and departs. The Princess is looking delightedly around her.

JOE
Must be a great life in that school. Champagne for lunch.

PRINCESS
Oh no. Only on special occasions.

JOE
Such as.

PRINCESS
The last time was my father's anniversary.

JOE
Wedding?

PRINCESS
(Slowly)
No...it was the fortieth anniversary of
(Triumphantly)
-- of the day he got his job.

JOE
Forty years on the job, eh? What does he do?

PRINCESS
Why...mostly you might call it -- well, public relations.

JOE
That's hard work.

PRINCESS
Yes, I wouldn't care for it.

JOE
Does he?

PRINCESS
(Brief pause)
I've heard him complain about it --

JOE
Well, why doesn't he quit?

PRINCESS
People in that line of work almost never quit, unless -- well, unless it's actually unhealthy for them to continue.

D-86 (Cont'd)

The drinks and sandwiches arrive. Joe lifts his glass and offers her a toast.

JOE
Here's to his health, then.

PRINCESS
Isn't it odd -- that's what everybody says.

They take their first sips.

JOE
All right?

PRINCESS
Delicious.
(Puts glass down)
And...what is your work?

JOE
(Having to think himself this time)
I'm in the selling game.

PRINCESS
That must be very interesting.
What do you sell?

Horses' hoofs can be heard passing on the street.

JOE
Why -- er -- fertilizer, mostly.
(Hastily)
You know. Chemicals. Stuff like that.

Something catches his eye off scene.

D-87 ANOTHER SHOT

Irving Rankovitch is making his way through the tables looking for his girl.

As he comes past Joe, Joe rises and intercepts him.

JOE
(With an air of delighted surprise)
Irving!

IRVING
What did you do with Hitler?

D-87 (Cont'd)

JOE
Come here - I want to talk to you.

IRVING
About Hitler?

JOE
No listen...

IRVING
(Looking admiringly at the Princess)
What's the matter - aren't you going to introduce me?

JOE
(To Princess)
This is a very good friend of mine - Irving Rankovitch.
(To Irving, indicating Princess)
Anya.

IRVING
(To Princess)
Anya...?

PRINCESS
Smith.

IRVING
Hiya, Smitty.

He thrusts out a hand - the Princess takes it.

PRINCESS
Charmed.

IRVING
(Staring at her a little)
Say Smitty - did anybody ever tell you you're a dead ringer for....

D-88 CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN

Joe's heel comes down on Irving's toe with crushing force.

D-89 MED. SHOT - GROUP

Irving starts as if a bolt of electricity had gone through him.

IRVING
(In an anguished voice)
I've got to be going!

JOE
(Smiles in most charming fashion)
Oh -- you mustn't do that.
(As he summons waiter)
Sit down and join us.

IRVING
(Dubiously)
Well -- till Francesca turns up...

He sits down with them at the table.

PRINCESS
(Interestedly)
Tell me, Mr. Rankovitch -- what is a ringer?

Irving is about to answer when Joe gets in first.

JOE
(Quickly)
It's an American term. It means anyone who is very charming.

PRINCESS
Oh.
(With a dazzling smile to Irving)
Thank you.

IRVING
(Cagily)
Quite all right.
(To the waiter)
Whiskey.

The waiter moves off to get it.

PRINCESS
(To Irving)
Mr. Bradley has been telling me all about his work.

IRVING
I'd like to have heard that.

D-89 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
What kind of work do you do?

IRVING
Same type racket as Joe. I'm a...

As the result of an incredible accident, Joe's drink is spilled on Irving's lap. Irving rises like a rocket.

JOE
(With the charming smile again)
I'm so sorry.

IRVING
(In an undertone as he wipes his trousers with a handkerchief)
I can take a hint, pal.
(To the Princess)
See you around.

As he makes to go, the waiter arrives with the whiskey.

PRINCESS
But your drink is just here...

JOE
Of course -- sit down.

He motions Irving to his chair again. Irving is perplexed by the apparent sudden alternation in Joe's wishes--the way his actions seem to keep belying his words.

IRVING
(Dubiously)
Well, you're twisting my arm...

He sits again.

JOE
(With carefully emphasized double talk)
Just be a little more careful -- not to spill.

Irving looks at Joe in astonished indignation.

IRVING
Spill? Who's been doing the spilling?

D-89 (Cont'd)

JOE
You.

IRVING
(Outraged)
Me?

The Princess is looking from one to the other bewildered by the turn of the conversation. Irving picks up his glass and automatically lifts it towards the Princess.

IRVING
(A little tensely)
Well, here's hoping for the best.

He drinks - then puts down his glass.

IRVING
You know, Smitty, except for the hair, I could almost swear that...

This time Joe kicks Irving's chair from under him, sending him sprawling on the floor.

JOE
(Significantly)
You slipped. Almost hurt yourself.

Irving's face is pale and contorted. Joe helps him up.

JOE
(Looking at him in concern)
You did hurt yourself. You got a bad sprain there - behind the ear.

IRVING
(Angrily)
I have, have I?

JOE
We'd better go inside and get it fixed...

IRVING
(Pugnaciously)
Yes, we'd better.

JOE
(To the Princess)
Anya, will you excuse us a minute.

D-89 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
Of course.
(Smiling sympathetically at Irving)
I'm so sorry.

Joe takes Irving firmly by the arm and yanks him off towards the inside of the cafe.

D-90 JOE AND IRVING

They pause near the cafe doorway.

IRVING
(Heatedly)
Listen - if you didn't have that kid with you, I'd have plugged you so fast...

JOE
(Disregarding him)
Have you got your lighter with you?

IRVING
(Infuriated)
I'm going to knock your block off.

He makes to take a swing at Joe. Joe grabs his arm.

JOE
(Insistently)
Have you got it?

IRVING
(Violently)
Yes! What in the name of the seven jumping jackasses...

JOE
(Interrupting)
Irving - what would you do for a chance at five grand?

IRVING
(Impressed)
Five grand!

JOE
(Earnestly, with glance in Princess' direction)
Look - she doesn't know who I am or what I do. It's my story, Irving. I dug it up and I'm going to protect it.

D-90 (Cont'd)

IRVING
(Eyes popping)
You don't mean... that she really is --!

He breaks off quickly, ducks with his feet, holds up a restraining hand.

IRVING
Hold it, Joe! I didn't say it! And I won't either!

JOE
(An affectionate smile)
I knew you'd understand. Your tintypes are going to make this little epic twice as valuable.

IRVING
I got it. "Princess goes slumming."

JOE
And you're in for twenty-five percent of the take.

IRVING
And the take is five G's?

JOE
Minimum. Hennessy shook hands on it.

IRVING
(His eyes opening wide)
Twenty-five percent of five thousand... that's fifteen hundred.

JOE
It's twelve fifty.

IRVING
Well, you shake with me.

JOE
Okay.
(They shake)
Now, lend me thirty thousand.

IRVING
(Anguished)
Thirty thousand! That's fifty bucks! Are you gonna buy the crown jewels?

D-90 (Cont'd)

JOE
We've got to entertain her, haven't we?

IRVING
We! Joe, we can't go running around town with a hot princess. Nix.

JOE
Listen, friend, old lady luck handed that girl over to me, and old lady luck's going to protect me from here on in. Do you want in on this deal or don't you?

IRVING
(Digging it up)
Do I!

Joe accepts the money.

JOE
Now where's your lighter?

Irving, with a grin, produces a small lighter. They start back towards the Princess' table.

D-91 PRINCESS, JOE AND IRVING

The Princess looks up from her champagne as Joe and Irving rejoin her.

PRINCESS
(To Irving)
Is it all right now?

IRVING
(Puzzled)
Huh?

PRINCESS
Your ear.

IRVING
(Hastily)
Oh sure. Joe fixed it.

By now, Irving and Joe are seating themselves again at the table.

D-91 (Cont'd)

JOE
(To the Princess)
Care for a cigarette?

PRINCESS
Please.

She takes one.

PRINCESS
You may not believe it -- but it's my very first.

JOE
(With a smile)
No smoking in school.

The Princess smiles back. Irving holds up the lighter and turns the wheel as though to ignite it.

We now see that the wheel works a small camera incorporated in the lighter. The Princess waits for a light.

IRVING
Some day this gismo is going to work.
(He operates the actual lighter mechanism)
Ah. There. That's better.

He gives the Princess a light. She puffs at the cigarette.

JOE
(To the Princess)
What's the verdict? Okay?

He glances at Irving, actually meaning the question for him.

PRINCESS
(Puffing away)
It seems to me -- there's hardly anything to it.

IRVING
(With a meaning grin at Joe)
That's right -- nothing to it.

Joe smiles and stops the waiter who is passing, in order to pay.

D-91 (Cont'd)

JOE
(To the Princess)
Now let's make out a schedule...

PRINCESS
Oh - no - not that word, please.
What we're going to do is have fun!

She smiles eagerly at them. Irving and Joe exchange glances and nod back at her smilingly.

DISSOLVE:

END OF SEQUENCE "D"

SEQUENCE E

E-1 INT. BUS - (DAY)

The bus is swaying and jolting at speed and is tightly packed with seated and standing passengers.

The Princess, strap-hanging in the middle of the crowd, is the only person who is enjoying the ride. Joe and Irving are squeezed in close by her. Irving has an unlighted cigarette in his mouth and is struggling in the crush to get out his lighter. As he does so, Joe tries to edge people aside in order to clear Irving's line of vision on the Princess so that he can get a picture.

JOE
(As he does so)
Scusi...Scusi...

As Irving fiddles with the lighter, the conductor sees him.

CONDUCTOR
(Calling down the bus)
Signore, signore, vietato fumare.
(As Irving disregards him)
No smoke.

He points at the "No Smoking" notice on the side of the bus.

Irving clicks the shutter and then smiles at the conductor.

IRVING
Scusi.

At the same moment the bus evidently rounds a curve. Everybody lurches violently and the lighter is flung out of Irving's hand: he just manages to catch it.

DISSOLVE:

E-2 EXT. BORGHESE GARDENS LAKE - (DAY)

There are a number of small rowboats on the lake. Joe and the Princess are in one of them with Joe at the oars and the Princess in the stern.

As they pass near the side of the lake they see Irving leaning over the rail casually lighting a cigarette with the lighter. The Princess waves to him as they pass.

E-3 EXT. VIALE DEI BAMBINI - (DAY)

A crowd of children are watching a Punch and Judy Show laughing delightedly. Joe and the Princess are watching them and enjoying the enjoyment of the children. The Princess sees a small girl standing on tiptoe and unable to see properly. She lifts the child up in her arms so that she can watch the show.

Irving gets a picture with the lighter.

DISSOLVE:

E-4 INT. BAR - (DAY)

Joe, the Princess and Irving are at the bar. The Princess watches fascinated as the bartender expertly manipulates the expresso coffee machine.

He puts the three cups in front of them and they drink.

DISSOLVE:

E-5 INT. CHURCH PORCH (Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin) - (DAY)

On the wall at one end of the porch is a large round stone face with a sinister expression and an open mouth - La Bocca della Verita.

Joe, the Princess and Irving are looking at the face.

IRVING
This I wanted you to see - the Mouth of Truth. Know what the legend says? If you're given to lying and you put your hand in there, you get it bitten off.

JOE
(To the Princess, with a smile)
Want to try it?

The Princess glances a little hesitantly at the stone face. Then she smiles at Joe.

PRINCESS
You show me.

Now it is Joe's turn to hesitate. Irving watches them both, delighting in their predicament.

E-5 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(To Joe)
Are you afraid too?

JOE
Certainly not.

He makes to put his hand towards the open mouth of the face. Then out of the corner of his eye he sees something off screen and pauses.

A guide comes into scene followed by some women tourists.

JOE
(Gesturing politely toward the women)
Ladies first.

As he stands back to allow them to approach the face, we see more and more women tourists - evidently a large touring party - coming into the porch.

Joe looks at the Princess and shrugs helplessly as if it would mean waiting for hours. He takes her arm and they turn away to leave, accompanied by Irving.

DISSOLVE:

E-6 EXT. PIAZZA NOVONA - (DAY)

People are sitting around all over the Piazza.

The Princess is sitting on the rim of one of the fountains paddling her feet in the water.

E-7 JOE AND IRVING

They are standing a little distance off. Joe is apparently waiting for a light from Irving's lighter, b in effect Irving is manoeuvering to get a picture of the Princess.

E-8 PRINCESS

As she makes to rise, we hear a man's voice off scre

AMERICAN TOURIST
(Off screen)
Hey - just a minute - hold it!

E-8 (Cont'd)

The Princess looks up in surprise and we for a moment may even think it was Irving. Then we see approaching the Princess a typical American tourist with a camera - hatless and hot, but happy looking.

AMERICAN TOURIST
(Smiling at Princess and in atrocious attempt at Italian)
Signorina....Prego....
(Gesturing)
You....fontana...picture?
Photografo?

PRINCESS
(Smiling and posing)
Like this?

AMERICAN TOURIST
(Delightedly)
Say! You an American?

PRINCESS
No. Are you?

AMERICAN TOURIST
Kettle Falls, Minnesota. Ever hear of it?

PRINCESS
(Shaking her head)
I like the name though. Sounds like a wonderful place.

E-9 JOE AND IRVING

They are watching the Princess with the tourist.

IRVING
How about that for one? "Princess meets Main Street".

JOE
(Nodding)
Shoot.

E-10 PRINCESS AND AMERICAN TOURIST

AMERICAN TOURIST
(Expansively)
Look, little lady, any time you come to Kettle Falls, ask for Fred Osgrove.

E-10 (Cont'd)

AMERICAN TOURIST (Cont'd)
Just ask anybody.. Ain't nobody in Kettle Falls don't know me and we'll have a real ball.

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
That means a good time, doesn't it?

AMERICAN TOURIST
Yes, ma'am - with mustard!
(Raising his camera)
Now - let's have a real old chessy cat smile...

He looks into the finder.

E-11 PRINCESS THRU FINDER

The Princess is seen through the finder of the tourist's camera. She is looking smilingly toward camera. Suddenly a woman's figure steps into shot, blocking the Princess from view.

E-12 AMERICAN TOURIST

He looks up startled to see his wife, a formidable looking woman's club member, who is looking at him disapprovingly.

TOURIST
(Uncomfortably to his wife)
All through?

TOURIST'S WIFE
(Nodding coldly)
Are you?

TOURIST
Sure.
(Letting camera fall on its strap)
You can get fountain fever in this town....
(As he goes off with his wife)
Did they tell you some place where we can get a hamburger?.....

E-13 JOE AND IRVING

Irving is just lighting Joe's cigarette.

IRVING
(In a business-like tone)
Well, why don't I meet you? I'll have to go home and reload...

As he speaks the Princess comes up to them.

PRINCESS
(Surprised)
Do what?

IRVING
(Hastily)
My lighter - I'm all out of gas... Be seeing you.

He nods to her and Joe and goes off.

PRINCESS
(Looking after him, amused)
He really worries about that lighter, doesn't he?

JOE
He has to smoke or die.
(Anxious to divert her attention)
Come on now, you're slipping. You haven't made a wish in five minutes.

A scooter goes past them in the Piazza with a man steering and his girl clinging to his waist. The Princess looks from the passing scooter to Joe.

PRINCESS
(Innocently)
Anything in the world I want?

JOE
(Confidently)
Just press the button. You'll be surprised.

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
You too.

DISSOLVE:

E-14 thru E-44 EXT. STREETS - (DAY)

Scooter sequence to be written in detail later, but containing:

a) Joe and Princess riding on scooter.

b) They ride into Piazza. Joe 'beeps rhythmically on scooter horn.

c) Irving, parked in Topolino, hears horn, looks up, and is surprised to see Joe and Princess on scooter. He drives after them to get pictures.

d) Scooter chase with police ending on steps of Campidoglio.

E-45 INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY)

Joe, the Princess and Irving stand in front of a Police Captain's desk, as a policeman recites the charges against them. Other police from the chase are grouped around. The Police Captain is listening in growing astonishment.

POLICEMAN
(In Italian)
... the parties then emerged into the Large Argentina - estimated speed - fifty kilometres an hour - they turned against the one-way traffic...

POLICE CAPTAIN
(In Italian)
Against! In the Large Argentian!

JOE
(To Princess, out of the corner of his mouth)
We're American tourists. Get it?

The Princess nods slightly. She is looking around with wide-eyed interest.

POLICEMAN
(Continuing in Italian)
... and when called on to stop, they put on speed, and tried to escape by the Via del Mare and the Campidoglio ...

POLICE CAPTAIN
The Campidoglio!

POLICEMAN
(Stolidly in Italian)
Down the steps.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(Excitedly in Italian)
Down the steps!
(To Princess, Joe and Irving)
On the scooter - you are going downstairs!

The Princess gives him a bright smile.

PRINCESS
(In "American")
Sure. We were just having a ball.

E-45 (Cont'd)

CAPTAIN
A which?

PRINCESS
With mustard.

JOE
She means we were just sight-seeing, Captain.
(To the Princess)
It's a little stuffy. Come over here, Anya.

He turns towards a nearby window and starts to open it. One of the policemen turns angrily and grabs him by the arm.

POLICEMAN
(In Italian)
Oh no you don't! No escape! Stay where you are!

JOE
Nobody's escaping - just getting a little fresh air. The lady's almost fainting. Come over and get a breath, Irving.
(Putting the Princess in the open window)
There, isn't that better?

He manoeuvers her to a position where the light falls on her face. The Princess smiles at him gratefully. Joe puts a cigarette between his lips.

JOE
(To Irving)
Got a light?

As Irving, getting the point, reaches for his lighter a policeman angrily snatches the cigarette from Joe's lips.

POLICE CAPTAIN
You American -- all three?

PRINCESS
Kettle Falls, Minnetonka. Ain't nobody in Kettle Falls don't know us.
(To Joe)
Ain't that right... ?

E-45 (Cont'd)

JOE
(In undertone)
Sure - but don't overplay it.

He smiles reassuringly at the Police Captain. The Police Captain fails to smile back. He looks severely at the Princess.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(To Princess)
You show me, please, your passport.

PRINCESS
(Ingenuously)
Oh, I don't have a passport.

JOE
(Frowning at her)
It fell out - Don't you remember? On the road.

PRINCESS
(Charmingly to the Captain)
That's right.
(Remembering her accent)
Sure. All sorts of things fell out on the road.

IRVING
People, too.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Then I can see your license for drive.

The Princess shakes her head.

PRINCESS
I'm afraid that's ... wherever the passport is.

CAPTAIN
No license - no passport and you come downstairs at fifty mile an hour...Okay. Now you must to stay here.
(In Italian to policeman)
Take the lady to the detention room.

E-45 (Cont'd)

A policeman starts to conduct the Princess towards the door. The Princess looks alarmed and so does Joe.

JOE
(Hastily)
Look, Captain, I was in charge of that scooter - not the lady - if you'll just take a look at my license...

As he speaks he is taking something from his pocket and he moves closer to the Police Captain, obscuring the view of the Princess, who is now very near the door with the policeman.

JOE
(As he hands driving license to Captain)
...You'll see it's all in order I'm sure.

E-46 INSERT DRIVING LICENSE

As Joe hands it to the Police Captain and the police Captain's hands open it. Inside we see a card, which reads:

Joe Bradley
American News Service

JOE'S VOICE
(Over scene)
Isn't that so?

E-47 BACK TO GROUP

The Captain looks up from the driving license.

CAPTAIN
(Calling to policeman, in Italian)
Bernardino. Never mind about the lady.

He smiles affably at Joe.

CAPTAIN
(As he hands back the passport)
Thank you, Signor Bradley. All in order.

E-47 (Cont'd)

CAPTAIN (Cont'd)
(To policemen generally)
What you bring these people for? Don't we have enough trouble? Must I have American sightseers?
(To Princess)
Goodbye, lady. Please be nice tourist - no more joyriding.

He smilingly waves her and Joe and Irving towards the door!

PRINCESS
(Delightedly, to Captain)
Thank you. Thank you. Mille grazie.

CAPTAIN
(Gallantly)
Anything - any time I can do, I am only too pleased - for the American News Service. Arrivederci.

As he speaks, he is ushering them out of the door.

E-48 EXT. POLICE STATION - (DAY)

As Joe, the Princess and Irving come out into the street. The Princess look at Joe, puzzled and a little anxious.

PRINCESS
"American News Service" - What did he mean?

JOE
(With a grin)
If you make out you're with the Press you can get yourself out of any kind of a jam.

He smiles at her reassuringly, but we see an anxious glance exchanged between him and Irving.

IRVING
(To the Princess)
Joe's always pulling ones like that. One time in Florence, he broke a by-law and they wound up by offering him the keys of the city. He gave his name as Abraham Lincoln.
(To Joe)
Isn't that right?

(Continued)

E-48 (Cont'd)

JOE
That's right.

Their manner is so completely care-free that the Princess' suspicions are dissipated.

IRVING
He's a wonderful liar.

PRINCESS
(Smiling at Joe)
I'm a wonderful liar, too - aren't I, Mr. Bradley?

JOE
(Smiling back)
The best I ever met. Well, what now?

PRINCESS
(Casually)
I was asked tonight to go dancing.

JOE
(Surprised)
You were? Who by?

There is a touch of jealousy in his tone. The Princess is aware of it and is delighted.

PRINCESS
A friend of mine.
(Then relenting)
He cut my hair this morning.

Joe's expression relaxes.

PRINCESS
There's a wonderful place - down on the river - on a boat...

IRVING
The Barges - down by Sant'Angelo...

PRINCESS
He said it was very romantic.
(To Joe)
D'you think we could go there tonight?

IRVING
(Looking at Joe)
Why not?

E-49 CLOSEUP - PRINCESS

She is looking questioningly at Joe and it is possible that she has not entirely swallowed the explanation. Then she smiles.

E-50 JOE, PRINCESS AND IRVING

PRINCESS
(Smiling at Joe)
I'm a wonderful liar, too -- aren't I, Mr. Bradley?

JOE
(Smiling back)
The best I ever met.

They are now at the bottom of the steps leading from the police station. Joe looks around him and realizes that they are next to the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. He has an idea.

JOE
(To Princess)
Come with me - I want to show you something.

He takes her arm and starts to lead the way towards the Church with Irving accompanying them. The Princess glances at Joe mystified. They are now at the entrance to the Church. Joe ushers her inside and follows with Irving.

E-51 INT. PORCH OF CHURCH (SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN) - (DAY)

Joe leads the way towards a large, round stone face set in the wall at the end of the porch. The Princess stare at it and looks questioningly at Joe.

JOE
The Mouth of Truth. Know what the legend says? If you are given to lying and you put your hand in there, you get it bitten off.

PRINCESS
(As she looks at the sinister face)
Ugh! What a horrid idea!

JOE
Come on - let's see you do it.

(Continued)

E-51 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Shakes her head and smiling)
Oh no! Let's see you.

JOE
Sure.

He plunges his hand into the open mouth of the face. He lets out a howl of imaginary pain.

They all laugh and turn away towards the entrance.

E-52 EXT. STREET

Joe, Princess and Irving come out of the Church. They encounter some of the complainants who are just leaving the police station, well satisfied with the turn of events. These stop with broad smiles to shake the hands of Joe and the Princess.

COMPLAINANTS
(Ad lib)
Congratulation - good luck - big family.

They go smilingly on their way.

PRINCESS
(To Joe)
Don't look so worried. I won't hold you to it.

JOE
Thank you - very much.

PRINCESS
You don't have to be too grateful.

Joe smiles. They are now at the curb where Irving's Topolino is parked.

JOE
(To Princess)
Well - ready for another ball - with mustard?

E-52 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Smiling)
I don't know. I think I'm running out of wishes.

JOE
We can't have that.
(Thinks of something)
Wait a minute - I think I can take you somewhere that might give you a little inspiration...

He opens the door of the Topolino for them to get in.

DISSOLVE:

E-51 - E-53 OUT.

E-54 EXT. WISHING WALL - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Joe and the Princess are walking towards the wall shrine. The Princess stares in astonishment and curiosity at the plaques on the wall.

PRINCESS
All those inscriptions - what are they?

JOE
Each one is a wish fulfilled. During the war - in an air raid - a man was caught here with his four children and they ran for shelter by the wall. He prayed for their safety. The bombs fell close by but none of them were hurt. The man came back and put up a tablet to give thanks. And ever since then, it's become a shrine. People have come here and when their wishes are granted... they give thanks.
(He indicates the wall)

We see its full length dotted with plaques and votive offerings of flowers. The Princess turns to Joe.

PRINCESS
It's a lovely story.

She turns away from him and walks slowly towards the wall. Joe stands watching her - then looks off towards Irving who stands at the wall nearby, pretending to light a cigarette.

E-53 (Cont'd)

GENERAL KORVO
...You have been flown here because you, at least, know by sight the ... the person whom we wish to find. We fear that she may have a latent desire for crude popular entertainment. You will therefore search the cafes, the theatres, all the places of amusement. But with the utmost discretion. There must be no suggestion that you are looking for anyone. And, above all, no suggestion of who you are looking for.

#-54 EXT. WISHING WALL (VIA MORGAGNI) - (LATE AFTERNOON)

As the carrozza drives up and comes to a stop. Joe helps the Princess out.

PRINCESS
(Staring in astonishment)
Look at the wall there!

JOE
(Nodding)
The wall where wishes come true. Ever hear about it?

PRINCESS
No, please tell me.

They start to walk towards the wall.

JOE
It's quite a story. It was during the war. There was an air raid - a man and some children were out on the street here when they heard the planes overhead. They ran for shelter by the wall there ... and the man prayed for their safety. The bombs fell pretty close but not one of them was hurt. So all their families came and put flowers by the wall as a sort of thanks offering. And ever since then people have been coming here to make their wishes. And when their wishes come true - they give thanks - with flowers or an inscription - the same way those first people did.

E-54 (Cont'd)

As he is speaking the Princess is looking in wonder towards the wall and the CAMERA MOVES so that we now see the whole immense length of it, dotted with plaques and votive offerings of flowers.

The Princess turns to Joe.

PRINCESS
What a perfect place to bring me. You've made so many of my wishes come true...

JOE
(Smiling)
Don't tell me there are any more left in you.

PRINCESS
(Smiling too)
One more.

JOE
What is it?

PRINCESS
My last wish of all...no... I don't think it would be seemly to tell you. And the chances of it being granted are also very slight.

She turns away from him and walks slowly towards the wall.

Joe stands watching her. He understands well enough that the Princess' last wish concerns himself and his own feelings towards her are beginning to take shape in the same direction.

E-55 THE WALL

As the Princess stands looking towards it, lost in thought.

At the little prie dieu in the background an elderly woman is kneeling; after a moment she rises, makes the sign of the Cross and turns away.

The Princess looks towards the wall a moment longer and she, too, turns away, a happy expression on her face and her eyes shining.

She goes towards Joe.

(Continued)

D-55 (Cont'd)

JOE
Made your wish?

She nods and looks up at him warmly.

PRINCESS
You've spent a whole day doing things
I've always wanted to do.
(He smiles and nods)
Why?

JOE
I don't know - it seemed the thing
to do.

PRINCESS
I've never heard of anyone so sweet...

JOE
It wasn't any trouble.

PRINCESS
... or so - so completely unselfish.

Mention of unselfishness causes him to look down on her sharply. He has the grace to be embarrassed.

JOE
(A little gruffly)
Come on, let's go.

He takes her arm and they turn towards the carrozzella.

END SEQUENCE "E"

SEQUENCE "F"

F-1 EXT. BARGES - (NIGHT)

Lively dance music comes from one of the barges moored on the Tiber close by the shore, to which it is connected by a gangway. A long flight of stone steps leads up to the street which runs along the embankment.

Lanterns illuminate the scene, which matches the romantic atmosphere of Carrado's earlier description - the over-hanging trees - the moon - and the massive outline of the Castle of Sant'Angelo, and its bridge in the background.

Joe and the Princess cross the gangway onto the barge.

The dance floor is already well filled with young couples - working girls and their boyfriends.

A small orchestra is playing on a raised stand to one side, and there is a little bar which serves drinks. The atmosphere is extremely animated.

The Princess looks around delightedly in a spirit of eager anticipation.

JOE
Meet with your requirements?

PRINCESS
(Breathlessly)
Oh, yes!
(She looks at Joe)
Can we dance?

JOE
(With a smile)
It's on the menu here.

They take to the dance floor.

At first the Princess dances a little formally. Other couples are dancing with considerable abandon, and as the Princess sees them she begins to relax. She smiles up at Joe.

PRINCESS
(Dreamily)
You know, Mr. Bradley... I always wondered if dancing could be like this.

JOE
Now, don't say you've never danced before.

(Continued)

F-1 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
Not for pleasure.

Joe gives her a sympathetic look.

JOE
Why what kind of steps do they in school?

PRINCESS
The steps are normal. It's the partners.

She makes a face. Joe laughs.

As they near one side of the dance floor, a hand comes into the scene and taps Joe on the shoulder. Joe turns in surprise, and we now see that the hand belongs to Corrado. His evening wear of shirt and trousers is considerably more exotic than the barber's uniform in which we saw him earlier in the day.

CORRADO
(Smiling at the Princess)
Better too late than never!

He nods to Joe, indicating that he is cutting in, and dances off with the Princess.

PRINCESS
(As she dances away, to Joe)
In school they never cut in, either!

Joe is nettled - the Princess sees this and glances after him, amused and not displeased, as she dances away with Corrado.

F-2 EXT. GANGWAY AND SHORE

More couples are arriving to dance, while others are leaving. Two of the Faceless Men come down from the embankment and cross the gangway onto the barge.

F-3 EXT. BARGE

As the Faceless Men come aboard. Their eyes are constantly on the watch amongst the girls who are present on the lookout for the Princess. They exchange glances and separate, moving off in different directions to continue the search.

F-4 PRINCESS AND CORRADO

Corrado is dancing in romantic fashion with the Princess.

CORRADO
Long time I look for you -
I think you don't arrive to come.

PRINCESS
(Mischievously, glancing at other couples as they pass)
Are all your customers here?

CORRADO
(Indignant)
Here! No! You very lucky girl.

PRINCESS
Yes, I am!

Corrado smiles with self-satisfaction as they dance past the little bar.

F-5 BAR

Joe is there, watching the Princess and Corrado, none too pleased.

Two Italian girls come up to the bar for a drink. One of them, a flamboyant-looking blonde, smiles at Joe, but Joe fails to respond. He scowlingly lights a cigarette.

As he does so, one of the Faceless Men strolls up to the bar, his eyes flickering over the people assembled there.

F-6 PRINCESS AND CORRADO

Corrado's hold on the Princess becomes closer and closer, and his manner more and more romantic. The Princess is beginning to be not quite sure how much she likes it, when a second Italian cuts in on Corrado and dances off with her. He is a large muscular type, who might well be a truckdriver.

Camera holds them for a moment, then picks out the second Faceless Man, who is leaning against the rail at the side of the barge. As he catches sight of the Princess, a look of mingled interest and incredulity appears on his face. He stares indecisively. Can it b

F-7 EXT. STREET ABOVE RIVER - (NIGHT)

Irving drives up in the Topolino. He gets out of the ca and reaches inside for a camera with flashbulb equipment.

He turns in the direction of the gangway.

F-8 EXT. BARGE DANCE FLOOR

A number of couples are doing improvised steps. The Princess is now dancing with a third Italian - a young and lively boy of about her own age. He starts to improvise some steps, and the Princess gaily follows suit. She is enjoying herself enormously.

F-9 FIRST AND SECOND FACELESS MEN AT BAR

They are together now, watching the Princess and talking in whispered undertones which we cannot hear because of the music. The first Faceless Man gives some instruction to the second, who nods and makes his way unobtrusively to the gangway.

The first Faceless Man remains, keeping his eye on the Princess.

F-10 IRVING

Irving is making his way along the side of the dance floor, looking for Joe and the Princess. He sees Joe by the bar and makes towards him.

An attractive girl is dancing past in the opposite direction. Her face lights up as she sees Irving over her partner's shoulder.

GIRL
Ciao, Irving.

IRVING
(Hurriedly continuing on his way)
Ciao to you, baby.

F-11 BAR

Joe is watching the Princess with growing ill-temper. Irving comes into the scene behind him.

IRVING
Ciao.
(With a grin)
Sitting this one out?

F-11 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Without looking around)
Yeah.

IRVING
(Looking towards the Princess on dance floor)
Boy, were you right! What a payoff. Look at Smitty now!

He reaches for his flash camera, motioning Joe aside a little in order to clear his line of vision. Joe sees the camera.

JOE
(Angrily)
What's the matter with you! Put that thing away!

IRVING
(Indignantly)
You told me to bring it! You said -

JOE
(Heatedly)
Do you want her to see it?

IRVING
But you said yourself it don't matter - We got the whole story...

Joe, ignoring him, suddenly moves out of scene towards the dance floor. Irving looks after him despairingly. Then, with a sigh of exasperation, he puts the camera down on the end of the bar.

F-12 PRINCESS AND ITALIAN BOY

They are dancing in a lively fashion. A fourth Italian tries to cut in. The third Italian considers he hasn't had a long enough lease on the Princess and protests. The fourth Italian retorts vigorously. The Princess looks helplessly from one to the other, rather flattered to be in such demand.

Joe suddenly enters the scene, takes her in his arms ar dances off with her.

The two Italians turn in outraged indignation.

F-13 AS THEY DANCE

Joe is none too good-humored.

JOE
Seems you made a lot of new friends.

PRINCESS
(Mischievously)
Is that wrong?

JOE
Isn't one escort enough for one evening?

PRINCESS
I love it when you're mean, Mr. Bradley.

JOE
(Severely)
That's not the object I had in mind.

PRINCESS
(Looking at him rebelliously)
You sound just like school.

JOE
School has its points.

They dance a little in silence. Corrado comes past, dancing now with another girl. The Princess favors him with a dazzling smile, and he smiles back.

CORRADO
(As he pauses)
Ciao, bella!

PRINCESS
Ciao.

Joe is scowling. The Princess is delighted. She glances at him.

PRINCESS
I think perhaps I have bad instincts.

JOE
Could be.

A fifth Italian cuts in. The Princess dances off wi him. The blonde comes past, now dancing with the se Italian. Joe sees her, cuts in, and dances off with her.

F-14 DANCE FLOOR

The second Faceless Man appears at one side of the dance floor. He looks across towards the first Faceless Man, who is still at the bar, and nods slightly.

Both are keeping their eyes on the Princess, who is dancing with the fifth Italian. Joe comes dancing past her with the blonde, apparently enjoying himself. He smiles cheerfully at the Princess as they pass. The Princess doesn't look very pleased.

At other points around the dance floor other Faceless Men unobtrusively make their appearance. They are unnoticed by the other dancers, among whom we now see Irving, dancing with the girl who greeted him on his arrival.

Two more Faceless Men appear at the end of the gangway and remain there, blocking the only means of escape from the barge.

F-15 BAR - FIRST FACELESS MAN

He glances quickly around, checking that all his colleagues are in their appointed places, then he moves out of the scene towards the dance floor.

F-16 DANCE FLOOR

As the Princess dances with the fifth Italian, she looks around trying to see where Joe is with the blonde.

A hand comes into the scene and taps the fifth Italian on the shoulder. He turns and relinquishes the Princess to - the first Faceless Man.

The Faceless Man dances off with the Princess. He smiles at her a little frigidly.

1ST FACELESS MAN
Your Highness...

The Princess looks up, startled.

1ST FACELESS MAN
(Continuing)
...we shall dance quietly towards the exit. There is a car waiting...

As he speaks, he starts to dance towards the gangway. There is a look of alarm and utter dismay on the Princess' face.

F-16 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(Desperately)
No, no...

She struggles to free herself.

1ST FACELESS MAN
(Holding her firmly)
Your Highness... please...

PRINCESS
(In an attempt at an Italian accent)
No, you make mistake... Non parlo inglese... let go...
(Then frantically)
Joe!

F-17 DANCE FLOOR

Joe is dancing with the blonde.

He turns at the sound of his name and sees the Princess trying to pull herself away from the first Faceless Man. He leaves the blonde flat, and dashes towards the Princess.

F-18 PRINCESS AND 1ST FACELESS MAN

The Faceless Man still has a firm grip on her, and is forcibly dancing his way towards the gangway. Joe comes running into the scene, and tackles the Faceless Man. The Princess wrenches herself free and turns to run as Joe and the Faceless Man start to exchange blows.

There is commotion amongst the surrounding dancers. Men hurry their partners clear of the fight.

F-19 DANCE FLOOR

Faceless Men dash forward from all directions to reinforce their colleague.

F-20 IRVING AND GIRL

Irving sees Joe's plight, and dropping the girl, runs to the rescue.

IRVING
Stay with 'em, Joe!

F-20 (Cont'd)

By now Joe is trying to fight off a number of the Faceless Men. Irving comes running up on the edge of the group, taps the nearest Faceless Man on the shoulder as if cutting in on a dance, and, as he turns, lands him a neat one on the jaw.

Dancers have cleared a space round the combatants.

Others Faceless Men are trying to shepherd the Princess towards the gangway. She tries to duck out of their clutches.

PRINCESS
(Agitatedly)
Help!

F-21 SERIES OF QUICK CUTS

Corrado and the Princess' other four Italian dancing partners see her plight, and plunge to the rescue.

F-22 GENERAL SHOT

As Corrado and the others join in against the Faceless Men, the combatants tumble amidst the orchestra, tables and chairs are overturned. Girls shriek, bottles and glasses go rolling off the bar.

F-23 EXT. STREET ABOVE RIVER

The two limousines that have brought the Faceless Men are parked on the embankment. Their Italian plainclot police drivers are standing by one of the cars. The sound of the fight can be heard coming from the barge. The drivers look at each other in concern. The first driver makes to run toward the barge, but the second grabs his arm.

SECOND DRIVER
(In Italian)
No - no interference.

F-24 EXT. BARGE - DANCE FLOOR

The fight is in full swing.

Joe fights off the first Faceless Man, and running fo Princess, grabs her, and starts to run her off the da floor. The first Faceless Man catches up with them

F-24 (Cont'd)

rail, and tries to trip Joe. Joe succeeds in catching him off balance, and with a heave, sends him over the rail into the water below. He grins triumphantly at the Princess. The Princess, a little concerned, seizes a lifebelt that is hanging on the rail, and throws it over the Faceless Man. At the same moment, another Faceless Man comes running to grab her. Joe tackles hi

F-25 IRVING

Irving is exchanging rights and lefts with another of the Faceless Men, one of whose blows sends Irving reeli back against a section of the rail. The rail is hinged at this point for use as a gangway opening. The catch gives and the rail swings outwards. Irving just manage to save himself by clutching at the rail and swinging o on it over the river. The Faceless Man is about to sen him down for the count, when he is floored from behind a flying chair. Irving swings back into the fray on the rail.

F-26 JOE AND PRINCESS

Joe is starting to drag the Princess onto the comparative safety of the orchestra dais. Two more Faceless come at him separating him from the Princess.

F-27 EXT. STREET ABOVE RIVER - CAR DRIVERS

The two drivers are now in heated argument as to whether to join the fight on the barge or not. They start to exchange blows amongst themselves.

F-28 EXT. BARGE - IRVING

He is by the rail. A Faceless Man comes at him with bull-like charge. Irving stands aside at the psychol cal moment and opens the rail. The Faceless Man take a header into the Tiber. Irving closes the rail agai for a repeat performance. He suddenly sees something o.s. and a look of alarm appears on his face. He dashes forward.

F-29 BAR

Corrado and one of the Faceless Men are fighting at bar. They are exchanging blows, narrowly missing Ir flash camera, which is on the end of the bar. The Faceless Man sees the camera, grabs it and raises it above his head to crown Corrado with it. As he does so Irving comes running (Continued)

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F-29 (Cont'd)

up behind him and snatches the camera out of his hands. Corrado promptly doubles up the Faceless Man with a blow to the midriff.

F-30 ORCHESTRA STAND

Joe is now heavily outnumbered by Faceless Men. The Princess comes dashing to his help. She seizes a guitar lying among the abandoned instruments and starts toward Joe.

F-31 IRVING

He is running from the bar with the flash camera, when he sees what is happening in the orchestra dais. His face lights up delightedly, and he raises his camera for action

F-32 ORCHESTRA STAND

There are only two Faceless Men left now. As Joe sends one of them sprawling, the other comes at him from behind, and before he can reach Joe, the Princess brings the guita down on his head with a crash. As the blow lands, there i the glare of a flashbulb from o.s. The Faceless Man subsides over a xylophone. The Princess looks startled, in the direction of the flash.

PRINCESS
(Agitatedly)
Joe, someone took a picture...

In the distance, o.s., there comes the sound of sirens.

VOICES
(Ad lib)
Polizia, polizia...

Various persons run past Joe and Princess in alarm. Joe seizes the Princess by the hand and starts to run with her towards the gangway.

The sound of sirens is coming nearer and nearer. As Joe and the Princess run towards the gangway, Joe pulls up abruptly, seeing something o.s.

F-33 EXT. STREET ABOVE RIVER

A police jeep comes tearing to a stop on the embankment. Other police are coming down the steps to the river bank.

F-34 JOE AND THE PRINCESS

Joe turns with the Princess away from the gangway. At that moment Irving comes dashing up to them.

IRVING
(Thrusting car keys into Joe's hand)
My car's up there. Try getting up the other side of the bridge.

The Princess is staring in surprise at Irving. Joe looks around, sees a companionway leading to the barge alongside and hurries the Princess towards it.

Policemen are starting to run from the gangway onto the barge. Irving runs to the head of the gangway, momentarily blocking their way, but they stumble past them.

A Faceless Man, staggering to his feet dizzily, sees the oncoming policeman and points towards Joe and the Princess.

Two policemen dash after them. The Faceless Man makes feebly to go, too, but Irving gives him an easy push with the flat of his hand and he subsides to the floor again.

F-35 EXT. BARGES

Joe and the Princess come running across the second barge, looking for a way of escape. The two policemen are already starting toward them.

Joe and the Princess look off in alarm and run together into the darkness.

F-36 TWO POLICEMEN

They reach the foot of the companionway and start to run after Joe and the Princess.

F-37 JOE AND PRINCESS

They run across the lower deck in the darkness with increasing speed, fail to see the edge of the deck and run straight into the water.

F-37 JOE AND PRINCESS

They run across the lower deck in the darkness with increasing speed, fail to see the edge of the deck and run straight into the water.

F-38 EXT. RIVER - (NIGHT)

As Joe and the Princess' heads come to the surface, startled expressions on their faces. A faceless Man comes bubbling up between them. Joe gives him a push and sends him down again. He and the Princess turn and start to swim rapidly away.

DISSOLVE:

F-39 EXT. ARCH UNDER BRIDGE - (NIGHT)

The lighted barge can be seen in the b.g., sounds of commotion still coming from it.

Joe and the Princess reach the side of the river in the shadow of the bridge. Joe helps the Princess out of the water.

F-40 CLOSE SHOT - JOE AND PRINCESS

They stand there breathless under the span of the bridge, their clothes dripping with water.

JOE
You all right?

They start to try and wring their clothes out a little ahd shake the water out of their hair.

PRINCESS
I'm fine. How are you?

JOE
I'm fine.
(They laugh)
You were great back there.

PRINCESS
You didn't do too badly yourself.

They look at each other -- the laughter gone -- the moment turned serious with the feeling of attraction between them.

F-40 (Cont'd)

JOE
(Breaking it)
C'mon, let's get out of here before those boys in blue catch up with us.

PRINCESS
(As they start off)
You know, I can't imagine who they were.

Joe nods - takes her by the hand and starts to lead the way towards the street.

DISSOLVE:

F-41 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - (NIGHT)

The Princess' wet clothes lie over the side of the bath, drying.

The Princess is at the wash-basin wearing Joe's robe. She looks tenderly at Joe's belongings ranged along the shelf - they are part of Joe.

Music comes from a radio in the bedroom o.s.

F-42 INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

The radio is playing in a corner. Joe, now in a clean shirt and trousers, is getting out a bottle of wine and two glasses. He looks up as the Princess appears in the bathroom doorway.

JOE
(With a smile)
Are they ruined?

The Princess smilingly shakes her head.

PRINCESS
They'll be dry in a moment.

Joe is pouring out some wine. He glances with amusement at her appearance in his robe.

JOE
Suits you. You should always wear my clothes.

She notices the wine and the glasses.

F-42 (Cont'd)

JOE
I thought a little wine might be good.

He gives a glass of wine to the Princess. She thinks of something and looks at him eagerly.

PRINCESS
Shall I cook something?

JOE
(With a wry smile)
No kitchen. And nothing to cook, I'm afraid. Always eat out.

PRINCESS
Do you like that?

JOE
No. But life isn't always what one likes, is it?

PRINCESS
No - it isn't.

She sits on the arm of the chair.

JOE
Tired?

PRINCESS
A little.

JOE
You had quite a day, didn't you?

PRINCESS
A wonderful day.

Suddenly the music on the radio ceases and a male voice comes in.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
This is the Voice of America, broadcasting the news of English and Italian
(Repeats sentence in Italian)
Questa e la voce dell'America che trasmette le notizie in Inglese ed in Italiano.
Tonight there is no further word from the beside of Princess Anne in Rome where she was taken ill yesterday on the last leg of her European goodwill

F-42 (Cont'd)

As she listens, the Princess gets up and goes past the radio to the window, where she stands motionless. She does not look at Joe.

Joe's eyes go momentarily to her - then deliberately away.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
(Continuing)
It is believed that if there is no improvement by tomorrow in Her Royal Highness' condition, the King and Queen will fly to Rome ...

With a sudden movement, the Princess turns and switches off the radio. She looks at Joe almost with apology.

PRINCESS
The news can wait till tomorrow.

Joe nods.

PRINCESS
Could I have a little more wine?

He pours her some. She takes a drink.

PRINCESS
I wish I could have cooked supper for us.

JOE
Do they teach you that in school?

PRINCESS
(Nods)
I'm a good cook. I could earn my living at it. I can sew, too -- and clean a house and do ironing. I've learned all those things. I've just never had the chance to do them - for anyone.

JOE
I'll have to move. Get an apartment with a kitchen.

PRINCESS
Yes.

There are tears in her eyes. She looks directly at him.

PRINCESS
I shall have to go now.

F-42 (Cont'd)

Joe looks down at her. They are very close. Suddenly, they are in each other's arms. They kiss for a long moment, then as they gently come out of the embrace, they look at each other - both troubled.

JOE
Anya...there's something I have to tell you...

PRINCESS
No...please...nothing.

Her mouth trembles a moment and then she regains mastery of her emotions.

PRINCESS
(Matter-of-factly)
I'll go and get dressed.

She turns away towards the bathroom. He stands silently, then begins to put on his coat.

DISSOLVE:

F-43 INT. TOPOLINO - (NIGHT)

Joe is at the wheel and the Princess beside him. Joe is driving slowly. Each sits silent, their minds full of disturbed thoughts. The Princess glances momentarily at him and then away. She tries to keep her emotion out of her voice.

PRINCESS
It must be late. No one in the streets at all...

JOE
(With a nod)
We have Rome to ourselves.

PRINCESS
(Quietly)
We have had all day.

Joe is looking ahead as they reach the junction of a number of roads.

JOE
Which way now?

The Princess tries to direct him but the words refuse to come.

F-43 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
I...can't go back. Not yet.

Joe glances at her.

PRINCESS
Just...let's stop somewhere.
Just for a little while...

She is looking at him pleadingly.

JOE
All right.

He brings the car to the curb, switches off the engine.

They are in the Via dei Fori Imperiali. The place is deserted. Joe looks about a moment, then glances at the Princess with a reminiscent smile.

JOE
The Roman Forum. Remember it?

PRINCESS
Where we met.

JOE
Where we met.

They get out of the car, and stand silently looking dow over the classic ruins, clearly visible in the moon-light. Then, he takes her by the hand and leads her down towards the Forum itself.

DISSOLVE:

F-44 EXT. ROMAN FORUM - (NIGHT - MOONLIGHT)

They walk through the deserted Forum hand in hand, only the sound of their footsteps breaking the silence

JOE
Just there is where Mark Antony
spoke - after the death of Caesar...

They sit on a fallen ruin. He puts his arm around he

PRINCESS
Do you know my favorite poem?

JOE
(Smiling)
Friends, Romans and countrymen,
lend me your ears?

F-44 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(In little more than a whisper)
Antony... and Cleopatra. Do you remember their farewell...?
"Sir, you and I must part; but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have loved; but that's not it;
That you know well...
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory!
And smooth success be strewed before your feet!"

JOE
(Softly)
What did Antony say to that?

The Princess' eyes go to Joe as she speaks the last lines:

PRINCESS
"Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here go'st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee."

She rests her head on his shoulder, caresses his hand, which she has been holding. He looks down at her tenderly.

PRINCESS
(Raising his hand to her lips, kisses it)
If I were to die now, it would mean that from the moment I first saw you I never left you. I spent my whole life with you from that time on. That's what it would mean, wouldn't it?

Joe nods.

JOE
People who come together - love each other -
(They look at each other - this is the first open declaration of love)
- and then leave each other quickly and forever - they just see the best in each other-- They're the lucky ones... They have something perfect they can always remember.

F-45 LONG SHOT - IN THE FORUM - (NIGHT)

Joe and the Princess, two small figures, close together in the ruins.

DISSOLVE:

F-46 SAME ANGLE - IN THE FORUM - (NIGHT)

Joe and the Princess, still together. Only now the first light of dawn is just becoming visible in the Eastern sky.

F-47 CLOSER - JOE AND PRINCESS

They are both conscious of the coming dawn, looking up at the sky. He turns to her questioningly. She looks at him, and nods - it is time to go back.

He takes her hand, and they start back up to the Topolino.

DISSOLVE:

F-48 INT. TOPOLINO - (NIGHT) - (PROCESS)

Joe turns the wheel as they reach a corner. The Princess, staring ahead through the windshield, stiffens.

F-49 EXT. STREET & EMBASSY THROUGH TOPOLINO WINDSHIELD - (NIGHT)

In the far distance, at the end of a long street, the massive, closed gates of the Embassy can be seen getting slowly nearer as the car drives up the street.

The Topolino reaches the end of the street with the Embassy gates straight ahead.

JOE
(Quietly)
Which way now?

The Princess hesitates almost imperceptibly - then nods her head towards the right hand side of the road past the Embassy.

PRINCESS
That way.

Joe turns the car to the right and they drive past outside the Embassy. His eyes go a moment towards her but she is looking straight ahead.

(Continued)

F-49 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
Now to the right.

Joe turns the car into a small turning leading out of the road past the Embassy. They drive down the turning in silence.

PRINCESS
Now right again.

There is a little alley off the turning. Joe duly turn the Topolino into it. The Princess is growing increasingly agitated at the thought of her imminent parting but she tries not to show it.

PRINCESS
Just... stop at the next corner.
Will you? Please?

JOE
Sure.

He brings the car to a stop - looks at the Princess questioningly, the engine still running.

PRINCESS
Well - I have to leave you now.
(Tears in her eyes)

JOE
(Comfortingly)
I know... I know...

PRINCESS
(Indicating corner)
I'm going to that corner there. And turn. And you must stay in the car and drive away.
(Anxiously)
And you must promise not to watch me go beyond the corner. You must just drive away and leave me - as I leave you.
(In a rush of love and tears)
I don't know how to say goodbye. I can't think of any words -

JOE
(His emotions jagged)
Just - don't try.

During the preceding dialogue rain has begun to fall a gentle steady downpour. Joe and the Princess look

F-49 (Cont'd)

each other in silence. Suddenly she lifts her lips to his, kisses him full and quickly and jumps from the car. Joe makes a gesture to stop her because of the rain. She stands there in it a moment.

PRINCESS
(With a faint smile)
Now I've had all my wishes -
haven't I?

She turns abruptly and starts towards the corner.

F-50 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

His eyes blink angrily. He watches her.

F-51 REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARDS THE CORNER

Shooting up the length of the wet street at the diminishing figure of the Princess as she moves towards the corner through the steady rainfall.

Without a backward glance she turns the corner. The only part of her which remains to him is the echoing, diminishing staccato of her foosteps.

F-52 JOE

He sits there - staring through the rain up the empty street towards the corner. There is complete silence except for the sound of the falling rain. Joe is motionless.

At long last, with a sudden movement, he puts the car into gear...

DISSOLVE:

END OF SEQUENCE "F"

9-6-52

G-1 INT. EMBASSY - PRINCESS' BEDROOM - (DAWN)

The Princess, in her robe, is surrounded by the Countess the General, and the Ambassador, all in their night attire, and all distraught. The Countess dabs her eyes now and then with a handkerchief. The Princess alone is calm, though her manner is a little strained as she trie to control her exasperation with all the fuss they are making.

AMBASSADOR
...twenty four hours...they can't all be a blank...?

PRINCESS
Far from it.

AMBASSADOR
But what explanation am I to offer their Majesties?

PRINCESS
I was indisposed. I'm better.

AMBASSADOR
Ma'am - you must appreciate I have my duty to perform - just as Your Highness has her duty...

PRINCESS
(Interrupting)
Your Excellency, I hope you will not find it necessary to use that word again. Were I not very well aware of my duty to my family and my country, I should not have come back tonight...or indeed, ever again.

There is a shocked silence.

PRINCESS
(With dignity and authority)
And now, since I understand we have a full schedule today, and I believe you all need some sleep, you have my permission to withdraw.

AMBASSADOR & GENERAL
(Bowing)
Your Royal Highness.

They make their way to the doorway, the Princess watc them, motionless.

G-1 (Cont'd)

The Countess, with a solicitous look at the Princess, goes to a side door at which a maid appears with a tray similar to the one of the previous night, on which are a glass of milk and a plate of crackers.

PRINCESS
(Quietly and firmly she she sees this)
No milk and crackers.

The Countess hestiates a moment, but the look she gets from the Princess brooks no opposition now or in the future. The Countess gives a little nod of dismissal t the maid who retires again with the tray.

PRINCESS
(Not unkindly)
That will be all, thank you, Countess.

The Countess stands in the empty room, then she crosses slowly to the window and looks out over the city, where dawn is lighting the roof tops.

DISSOLVE:

(Scene G-2 thru 5 between Joe and Irving to be written)

9-6-52

G-6 INT. EMBASSY - RECEPTION ROOM - (DAY)

A vast splendid hall. At one end, a stairway, roped off with velvet rope, leads up to a raised section on which a chair has been placed for the Princess.

About a hundred journalists and photographers of varying nationalities are assembled in the room. There is a low hum of conversation.

We see Joe, among the newspaper men, and Irving, for once respectably dressed, among the photographers. L: the others, he carries a flash camera.

A door at one side of the raised section opens and th Master of Ceremonies appears. The hum of conversatio subsides...

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Her Royal Highness.

All eyes go to the doorway, as the Princess comes in, followed by the Countess, the Ambassador, the General Embassy officials, Ladies in Waiting, etc. Two Press Secretaries bring up the rear, carrying copies of the official handouts and other papers. The Princess makes her way towards the chair.

G-7 GENERAL SHOT - PRESS

There is some reaction to the Princess' new hairdo. Woman Correspondent, whispers about it to her neighb another woman, who nods and smiles. They evidently approve of it.

G-8 ANOTHER SECTION OF PRESS

Joe is among them. His expression is a little strai as he watches the Princess.

G-9 LONG SHOT

The Princess seats herself. She is calm and dignifi The Countess, the Ambassador, the General and the ot stand slightly to the rear. The Ambassador indicate the waiting newsmen.

AMBASSADOR
(To Princess)
Your Royal Highness - the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Press.

G-9 (Cont'd)

The Princess looks down at the assembly, smiling, a little nervous. After a moment, she suddenly sees Joe. Her eyes widen as she remembers her previous suspicion, and now realizes the truth.

G-10 JOE

His eyes meet the Princess'. There is a reassuring look in them.

G-11 PRINCESS

She falters - for a bare moment - then smiles graciously at the assembly.

PRINCESS
How do you do, gentlemen?

G-12 MED. LONG SHOT - ASSEMBLY

A general murmur in reply. The Ambassador glances at the Princess, who nods to indicate that she is ready.

AMBASSADOR
You may proceed with your questions.

A serious dignified old gentleman with pince-nez, obviously the Dean of the Rome press, clears his throat and speaks. He is an Italian but speaks good English.

DEAN
I believe at the outset, Your Highness, that I should express the pleasure of all of us at your recovery from the recent illness.

The Princess' eyes go involuntarily to Joe. There are murmurs of assent from all around. Joe looks back at the Princess - a suggestion of irony in his look.

PRINCESS
(With faint smile at the Dean)
Thank you.

There is a little pause as she looks at the correspondents - waiting the first question. It comes from a French correspondent.

G-12 (Cont'd)

FRENCH CORRESPONDENT
Does Your Highness believe that federation would be a possible solution to Europe's economic problems?

The Princess comes out pat with the official and non-commital answer but we see that her mind is still preoccupied with the sudden discovery of Joe's real profession.

PRINCESS
I am in favor of any measure which would lead to closer cooperation in Europe.

HOMER DALE
What impressions of national feeling has Your Highness gained from her visit to Europe's capitals?

PRINCESS
(Her eyes upon Joe)
I have been most touched by the warmth of the welcomes accorded to me.

ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT
And what, in your opinion, is the outlook for friendship among nations?

PRINCESS
I have every faith in it.
(Looks directly at Joe)
As I have faith in relations between people.

The Princess' answer makes its personal impact on Joe. His one anxiety is to be able to reply to it. After a momentary hesitation, he speaks up.

JOE
May I say - speaking for my own Press Service - we believe that faith is justified.

One or two slightly surprised heads turn in Joe's direction both from the main body of the assembly and from the Princess' entourage. The Princess, herself, looks warmly at Joe with a suggestion of tears in her eyes.

PRINCESS
I'm so glad to hear you say it.

A SWEDISH CORRESPONDENT
Which of the cities visited did Your Highness enjoy the most?

(Continued)

G-12 (Cont'd)

PRINCESS
(The official answer)
Each in its own way was unforgettable-
It would be difficult to...

Suddenly something in her refuses to go on with the diplomatic official reply and she continues with some spirit and great sincerity.

PRINCESS
Rome. By all means, Rome.

There are somewhat concerned looks behind her on the faces of the Ambassador and the Press attaches.

PRINCESS
(Continuing)
I shall cherish my visit here -
in memory -
(Her eyes upon Joe)
-as long as I live.

GERMAN CORRESPONDENT
(A meticulous young man with no sense of humor)
Despite your indisposition, Your Highness?

PRINCESS
Despite that.

She exchanges a look - the faintest suggestion of a smile - with Joe.

DISSOLVE:

G-13 LONG SHOT

The Princess poses for flash pictures from the assembled cameramen.

G-14 PRINCESS

As the flashes illuminate her features. She stares a little at something.

G-15 IRVING AND OTHER PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS

The man beside Irving lets off a flash. Irving is abou to use his own flash. He sees the Princess staring - grins a little - and produces the lighter. He raises i and as a neighboring flash bulb goes - takes a pictur

G-16 MED. SHOT - PRINCESS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

The Princess is looking towards Irving with dawning understanding in her eyes. She does not relax the expression she has assumed for the pictures. The Ambassador glances towards the photographers.

AMBASSADOR
(In a tone of conclusion)
Thank you gentlemen.

He turns to escort the Princess up the staircase but the Princess is not ready to comply.

PRINCESS
I...should now like to meet the ladies and gentlemen of the press.

The Ambassador looks a little taken aback and so do the press attaches, but the Princess has spoken loud enough to be heard in the main body of the room and there is nothing to be done about it. One of the press attaches hastily unhooks the velvet rope as the Ambassador conducts the Princess down towards the press men. She approaches the end of the first row and each press man presents himself in turn. (Correct names and organizations to be filled in later.)

1st PRESS MAN
Bill McGowan - New York Times.

PRINCESS
I am so happy to meet you.

2nd PRESS MAN
Jules Martin - Paris Soir.

PRINCESS
Enchantee, Monsieur Martin.

And so on. The Princess reaches Irving.

IRVING
Irving Radovitch. C.R. Photo Service.

PRINCESS
(With a little smile as she shakes hands)
How do you do?

Irving produces an envelope.

IRVING
May I present Your Highness with some commemorative pictures of your visit to Rome?

G-16 (Cont'd)

As the Princess looks at him with surprise and then appreciation, the Countess moves forward automatical to accept the envelope. Irving looks dismayed. The Princess sees his expression.

PRINCESS
(With a tone of polite but firm contradiction)
Thank you, Countess.

She takes the envelope herself, opens it, and sees th pictures and a small roll of negatives. She looks at the first picture. It is the one showing her crownir the Faceless Man with the guitar. She hastily slips it back inside the envelope.

PRINCESS
(To Irving)
Thank you so much.

With a warm smile at Irving, she moves on to the next man.

NEXT PRESS MAN
Walter Krauss - Berliner Tageblatt.

One more perhaps and then the Princess finds herself face to face with Joe.

JOE
Joe Bradley - American News Service.

The Princess tries to say something but she cannot. She looks at him, glances at the envelope and back at him again. There are tears in her eyes. Joe looks at her and smiles with a look that demands that she smile, too. She manages to smile back.

PRINCESS
(As they formally shake hands)
So happy.

One more look and the Princess moves on towards the next man.

DISSOLVE:

G-17 LONG SHOT

The presentations are over and the Princess, at the foot of the steps, smiles at the assembly - turns and with , makes her way up the staircase.

9-11-52 DISSOLVE:

G-18 CLOSE SHOT - PRINCESS

She turns for a moment, to smile at the press, but there are tears in her eyes as she looks at Joe for the last time.

G-19 FULL SHOT

The Princess, followed by her entourage, walks slowly out. Past her, the reporters can be seen starting to leave, exiting to the opposite end of the hall. Only Joe stands silently, watching after the Princess has gone. Then we realize he is the last one left in the huge room. He slowly turns to leave.

G-20 LONG SHOT

The camera moves with Joe as he walks the full length of the room. Beyond him can be seen the gilded chair in which the Princess sat. At the extreme end of the hall he stops for a moment - looks back - but only the footmen at attention wait for him to leave so they can be dismissed.

FADE OUT.

THE END

10-3-52